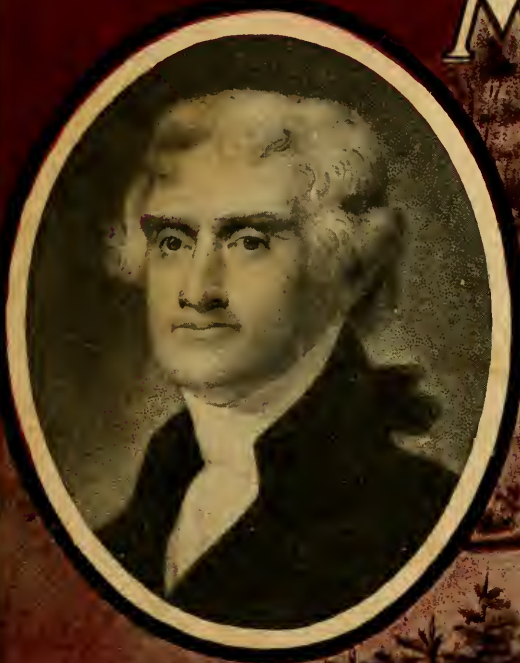
MAY, 1907

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.



THOS. E. WATSON
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

The H. H. Hale Music House,

OF ATLANTA, GA.

Joins hands with the LUDDEN & BATES SOUTHERN MUSIC HOUSE of Savannah, Ga., and a Car Load of Pianos has arrived. Mr. H. H. Hale is in charge of the Atlanta House as Manager, Representing the Old Reliable

Ludden & Bates Southern Music House

(37 Years in Music)

With a line of Pianos that Could not be Improved Upon in their Several Grades Were Every Other Make Added.

Chickering In Boston in 1823 was completed the first Piano in this country by the young inventor whose name stands for all that is perfection in piano building and bears the greatest honors in the musical world—Jonas Chickering, founder of Chickering & Sons. Chickering Quarter Grands and Uprights will be found here on exhibition and sale.

Mathushek Pianos through their rich tone quality, delicate touch, and GREAT POWER OF DURABILITY have won from artists and the public in general the appropriate name of "Lastingly Perfect." Mathushek's in all styles in stock.

Ludden & Bates Club Pianos Co-operative selling—100 Pianos to 100 customers—club members—**brings up a saving of nearly $125.00.** You, with 99 other persons, secure the **New Scale $400 Ludden & Bates Piano** at club price of $287.00, cash or on terms of $10 cash and $8 monthly (quarterly or yearly terms if desired)—the only difference between spot cash and on payments is the interest—just what the money is worth to a business man—8 per cent No waiting, no delays—pianos delivered in the city or at depot for shipment promptly, and with each "Ludden & Bates" Club Piano is our "**Guarantee for a Lifetime,**" and our "**Free Life Insurance Clause**" which provides, that in case of the death of club member, and all payments have been made according to agreement, a receipt in full for the balance of amount due us will be given the family, thereby safeguarding your childrens' musical education by keeping the piano in the home, and besides you will find in the New Scale $400.00 Ludden & Bates a piano that can hardly be duplicated elsewhere as to Tone-Action, general construction—in fact all that goes to make a piano as near perfect as is possible—for much less than double the club cost of $287.00. The pianos are on exhibition here. Call and criticise—find one weak point—if you can. If at a distance write for Club Booklet "A" which will give full particulars.

We only mention three of our big leaders—over a dozen dependable, well known makes are included, and all sold on the Ludden & Bates Southern Music House Policy of **giving a dollar's value for every dollar received.** Time payments—monthly, quarterly or yearly granted to reliable people. No matter what you are offered, come and see us **and compare values.**

H. H. HALE,
170 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.

Or

LUDDEN & BATES SOUTHERN MUSIC HOUSE,
Savannah, Ga.

Gain of Business, 1906 over 1905:

State Mutual Life of Georgia

$23,162,084

"Solid as the South"

Greatest Increase of Business Shown by any American Life Company

THERE MUST BE MERIT BEHIND THE EASIEST SELLING INSURANCE IN AMERICA

Reliable agents anywhere who wish to double their income are invited to correspond with

C. R. PORTER, President,
Rome, Georgia.

America's Greatest Historian

John Clark Ridpath

Ridpath's History of the World.

9 Massive Royal Octavo Volumes, 4,000 double-column pages, 2 000 superb illustrations.
Brand New, latest edition, down to 1906 beautifully bound in half Morocco.

At LESS than even DAMAGED SETS were ever sold.

We will name our price only in direct letters to those sending us the **Coupon** below. **Tear off the Coupon, write name and address plainly, and mail to us now before you forget it.**

Dr. Ridpath is dead, his work is done, but his family derive an income from his history, **and to print our price broadcast,** for the sake of more quickly selling these few sets, would cause **great injury to future sales.**

RIDPATH'S takes you back to the dawn of history, long before the Pyramids of Egypt were built; down through the romantic, troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babalonia's wealth and luxury; of Greek and Roman splendor; of Mohammedan culture and refinement; of French elegance and British power; to the rise of the Western World, including the complete history of the United States and all other nations down to the close of the Russia-Japan war

RIDPATH'S enviable position as an historian is due to his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equaled He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan; to watch that thin line of Greek spearmen work havoc with the Persian hordes on the field of Marathon; to know Napoleon as you know Roosevelt. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that history becomes as absorbingly interesting as the greatest of fiction.

RIDPATH'S History is strongly endorsed by Presidents Harrison, Cleveland, and McKinley, Jefferson Davis, Lew Wallace, John L. Stoddard, Bishop Vincent, Dr. Cuyer, Rabbi Hirsch, Presidents of Ann Harbor, Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, Tufts, Trinity, Bates, Coloy, Smith, Vassar, Yale and other Colleges, and by the Great American People, 200,000 of whom own and love it.

RIDPATH'S is generally conceded the **Greatest History** ever written.
It is the only general history recognized as an authority.
It is so **beautifully written** your children will learn to love it.
You should know history in these **history-making days.**
This is your chance to buy **for less than ever before.**
You may pay in **small sums monthly. If you wish.**

$1
Brings the Complete Set. Balance Small Sums Monthly.

SEND COUPON TODAY AND WE WILL MAIL SAMPLE PAGES FREE.

FOLD HERE, TEAR OUT, SIGN, AND MAIL

FREE COUPON

Western Newspaper Association
204 Dearborn St.
Chicago, Ill.

Please mail, without cost to me, sample pages of Ridpath's History containing his famous "Race Chart" in colors, map of China and Japan, diagram of Panama Canal, etc., and write me full particulars of your special offer to

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine Reader

Name.....

Address.....

Are You an Advertising Solicitor ?

IF SO

Why not earn from $25.00 to $100.00 per month by representing this Magazine in connection with your present work ? Our rates are reasonable. Our circulation guaranteed to all advertisers ; no proposition could be better. No employment more pleasant. :: :: :: ::

We Want an Experienced Representative in every City

All applicants must give reference. :: :: ::

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

Atlanta, Georgia.

New Pair FREE!

If you wore a pair of shoes nearly a year, then got a new pair as a prize for record of longest service, you'd call it luck ; it's judgment, and possible if you ask for

RED SEAL SHOES

See offer on top of the box.

Sold everywhere.

Made only by

Georgia Shoe Makers

For a postal we send "Proof of the Pudding," by those who've chawn the bag.

J. K. ORR SHOE CO.,

31 Auburn Ave., **Atlanta, Ga.**

When calling please ask for Mr. Grant

Save on Books

Whenever you need any book, or any information about books, write to me and you will receive prompt attention and low prices.

My Stock of Books

in all departments of literature is very complete.

An Assortment of Catalogues

and special slips of books at reduced prices sent for a 10-cent stamp.

Refers by permission to Hon. T. E. Watson.

F. E. GRANT

23 West Forty-second Street, New York.

Mention this advertisement and receive a discount.

HOTEL CUMBERLAND
NEW YORK
S. W. Cor. Broadway at 64th Street.

Ideal Location Near Theatres, Shops, and Central Park. Fine Cuisine. Excellent food and reasonable Prices.

NEW, MODERN AND ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF-

Within one minute's walk of 6th Ave. "L" and Subway and acceessible to all surface car lines Transient rates $2.50 with Bath and up.

SEND FOR BOOKLET,

Under the Management of

HARRY P. STIMSON GEO. L. SANBORN

Hotel Touraine,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Delaware Avenue at Chippewa St.
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

250 Rooms with Bath and Long Distance Telephone.

EUROPEAN PLAN—$1.50 PER DAY

up with Bath connections

Excellent Music and Grill Room.

C. N. Owen, Proprietor

SEND FOR BOOKLET

STOP AT THE

NEW PRINCESS HOTEL
WHEN AT
ATLANTIC CITY

South Carolina Avenue, 200 feet from Beach.

The Princess Hotel is newly furnished throughout with rare taste, and possesses all modern requisites for convenience and comfort of the guests. Golf privileges and privilege of the Atlantic City Yacht Club extended to the guests American and European Plan.

A BOOKLET will be gladly furnished upon application.

Rates, Running from $12 50 to $30.00 per week, according to the location of the rooms

For any further information address

CROWELL & COLLIER
The Princess Hotel,
Atlantic City, N. J.

HOTEL NORMANDIE
BROADWAY and 38th STREET, NEW YORK
In the Heart of the City.

Fireproof European Plan

Single Rooms with Baths and in Suites

$1.50 per Day and Upwards

Center of Amusement and Business District

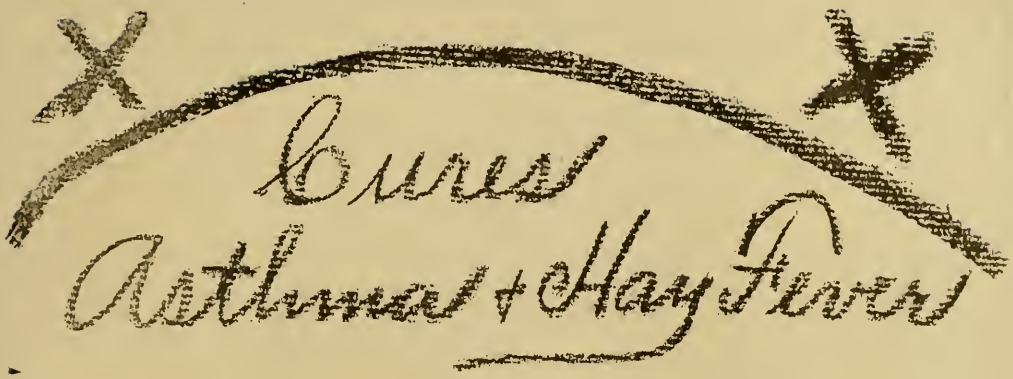
Telephone in Each Room Restaurant and Palm Room

The Cuisine Unexcelled Moderate Prices

SEND FOR BOOKLET.

ELMER E. ALMY, Prop.

Also, Osburn House, Rochester, N. Y.



Free Sample of Toxico Mailed to Any Address

TOXICO, the great discovery for **ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, BRONCHITIS,** and **CATARRH**, has cured thousands of the most stubborn cases. It makes no difference how long you have been suffering from any of these diseases, or how severe the climatic conditions are where you live, **TOXICO WILL CURE YOU.**

If you have experimented with other treatments and have failed to find a cure, do not be discouraged, but try at our expense this truly meritorious remedy.

This marvelous remedy is a scientific compound discovered by a professor of the Vienna University, Austria. **TOXICO** is an internal treatment, pleasant to take, and does not derange the stomach, as the dose is only 6 drops in a small wine glass of water. **Guaranteed** under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906.

Read these letters from CURED PATIENTS

A CASE OF CATARRH OF LONG STANDING.

Dec. 31st, 1906.

Toxico Laboratory:

Gentlemen—I had a very severe case of catarrh of long standing. On waking in the morning I would have to clear my throat, and a hard lump about the size of the end of your thumb would come from my throat. Now, after using your Toxico treatment, this lump has nearly disappeared, and the continual ringing in my right ear has entirely ceased. I am well satisfied.

Yours respectfully, W. R. BYNUM,
71 N. 19th St. Birmingham, Ala

HAD HAY FEVER FOR 26 YEARS.

Sept 13th, 1906.

Toxico Laboratory:

Sirs—I have had hay fever for twenty-six years, and no one knows what I have suffered My head and eyes have bothered me so much that I have had to stay in a dark r om. Nothing gave me any relief until I tried Toxico, and since I have taken your wonderful medicine I have not been bothered once. Excuse me for not answering sooner, but I have been very busy since my hay fever has been cured.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. CLARA KELLER,
Elmira, Ohio, Route 3

Proof beyond a doubt that TOXICO is a positive cure for these diseases. These extracts are from original letters on file in our offices and have been selected from thousands of similar ones which we receive daily.

HAD ASTHMA ATTACKS ONCE A WEEK.

Dec. 3rd, 1906

Toxico Laboratory:

Gentlemen—I get asthma once a week regularly, and I have to vomit and cough; my eyes get blood red and swell up. Your free sample did not help me much, as I have had asthma a long time. You may send me a month's treatment, and I hope it will cure me. I remain respectfully,

FORREST G. GLASSER,
Kutztown, Pa.

Read this letter received more than three months later:

March 20th, 1907

Sirs—I have not had an asthmatic attack since I received your first bottle—that is, after I had taken Toxico two weeks I used to have attacks every week My appetite improved, and I am now strong and open chested, and can take part in athletic games. I cheerfully recommend Toxico to all sufferers and will answer all questions about the effect of your remedy. I hope this will direct a sufferer to your wonderful remedy.

I remain yours respectfully,
FORREST GLASSER,
Kutztown, Pa.

Send RIGHT NOW for a FREE TRIAL OF TOXICO before you forget it,

Address THE TOXICO LABORATORY, 1265 Broadway, New York City.

The Washington Cream Ladle

Sometime ago a great-granddaughter of General and Mrs. Washington kindly loaned us a Cream Ladle which was used for a number of years at Mt. Vernon, and granted us permission to make exact reproductions of it.

The ladle is of sterling silver, 925-1000 fine, of graceful design and splendid workmanship.

Illustrated folder mailed on request.

GALT & BRO.

Established Over a Century.

JEWELERS, SILVERSMITHS, STATIONERS

1107 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

FACTS AND FALSEHOODS

Concerning the War on the South, 1861-65

By GEORGE EDMONDS.

This, the most remarkable book which has appeared in the last forty years is destined to revolutionize history on that subject.

General Stephen D. Lee, Commander of the U. C. V., says: "It is a splendid condensation of unanswerable facts."

General G. W. Gordon, U. C. V. of Memphis, says: "I have read it with acute interest and proud satisfaction. It should be read by every man North and South."

General John M. Harrell, U. C. V. of Texas, says: "It is impossible for such a book as Facts and Falsehoods not to be in demand in all parts of this Union."

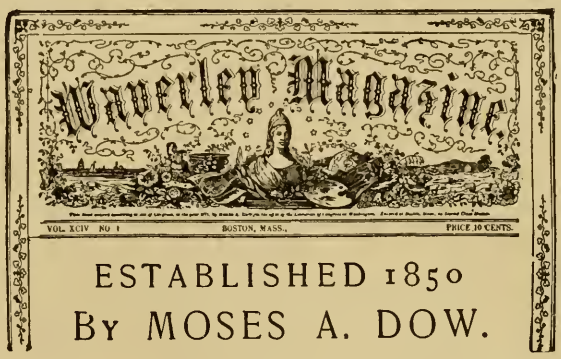
A Distinguished G. A. R. writer, says: "No doubt every word of it is true, but it is horrible! Horrible. I want to forget it."

FOR SALE BY

A. R. Taylor Book Co., Memphis.

Price 56 Cents, Postpaid.

THREE MONTHS FREE!!



ESTABLISHED 1850
BY MOSES A. DOW.

THE WAVERLEY claims the proud distinction of being the oldest and best known story magazine published in America! Time was when **The Waverley** was in every home and read by young and old alike. **You** remember those stories, and such stories they were—so intensely interesting, so exciting! Well. **The Waverley** is just the same today—the same size, the same shape, the same captivating stories, **only better and more modern;** but all stories just the same—pure, wholesome, entertaining stories of love, romance and adventure, and all complete in each number.

A Page of Poetry.

Then, too, there has been added a poetry page—poems of the long ago, poetic gems and sonnets perhaps almost forgotten, but which you want to read again.

The Story Teller

The story teller page is another new feature; real short, crispy little stories of every-day life, but how entertaining!

Woman's World

The "Woman's World" department, not the humdrum sort, but facts and fancies worth knowing, helpful hints that really help, things worth doing and how to do them.

You Liked The Waverley Years Ago.
You'll Like It Better Now.

Do you know that there is no other magazine just like The Waverley, and that it is only $1.00 a year?

Special Subscription Offer.

On receipt of $1.00 we will send you FREE the Oct., Nov. and Dec., 1906, copies of the WAVERLEY, and the entire year of 1907, fifteen months in all.

——Address——

WAVERLEY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
BOSTON, - - MASS.

Our Advertisers.

The advertising columns of this Magazine carries into your homes only the announcements of those whom we have reason to believe do a legitimate and honorable business. Almost to the man, our advertisers were prompted to place their contracts with us, not with a single eye to the returns which they hoped to get as a result of using our space, but because they are broadminded men who believe in this Magazine as you do, enthusiastically predicting and welcoming Mr. Watson's success.

They with others, whose advertisements will appear in our next issue, will continue to extend this evidence of their sincerity and thereby guarantee WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE a financial success if you as our clientile only patronize them to that extent whereby they can carry their advertisement with us without doing so at a total loss. We are careful as to the character of the advertisements which we carry, which necessarily restricts our revenue from this source, so in your appreciation of this fact we ask you as our friends to so far as possible patronize our advertising friends and in doing so, be careful to mention this Magazine so they may know our people and know they are appreciative.

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

THOS. E. WATSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. I. MAY, 1907 No. 5

CONTENTS.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN—Frontispiece.

EDITORIALS - - - - - - - - - - - *Thomas E. Watson* 429
Illustrated by W. Gordon Nye.

Confiscatory—The Right Reverend Bishop of San Antonio—The Color Line.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD - - - - - - *Sam W. Small* 441

THE ANCIENTS AND THE MODERNS - - - *Gov B F. Perry* 461

AND AFTER? Poem - - - - - - - - - *Mary Chapin Smith* 473

BRYAN AS A MAN - - - - - - - - - *Thos. H. Tibbles* 475

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON - *Thos. E. Watson* 483

ANN BOYD. A Serial Story - - - - - - - *Will N. Harben* 493

POPSIE'S GIRLIE. Poem - - - - - - - *J. H. Benyon, M. D.* 502

MY EXPERIENCE AS A BEGGAR - - - - - 503

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT - - - - - - 509

JEFFERSON. Poem - - - - - - - - - - *M. E. Henry Ruffin* 513

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE - - - - - - 514

BOOK REVIEWS - - - - - - - - - - 519

WHAT THEY SAY OF US - - - - - - - 522

Published Monthly by
THOS. E. WATSON.

$1.50 Per Year. Temple Court Building, Atlanta, Ga. 15 Cents Per Copy.

Application made for entry as second class matter at Atlanta, Ga. Post Office.

HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

PHOTO-ENGRAVED FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH—MADE FOR WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

Editorials.

Confiscatory.

It is one of the fundamental rights of a citizen of this country, and of all other civilized countries, that he should not be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law.

Therefore, one's property cannot be confiscated by mere act of the Legislature any more than he can be sent to the penitentiary by Act of Congress, or condemned to death on the "joint resolution of the House and Senate."

The State may demand your property, your liberty, or your life, and compel you to surrender them, but the demand must be made in the manner prescribed by law.

If a corporation wants your land for a railroad track, a canal, or for terminal facilities, there is a way provided by which you can be forced to sell, no matter how strongly you may object. Then again, if you violate the criminal laws, and have no special "pull" with any of the authorities, you may be arrested, tried, and convicted, and thus, in a regular and orderly manner, deprived of your liberty. Likewise, you may be deprived of your life by being conscripted into the military service during war times, or by being sent to the gallows, after legal sentence, during times of peace.

So far, it all seems very simple. But if you want to see the water get muddy, just turn the corporation lawyers loose in the creek.

When *we* say that a citizen shall not be deprived of his property without due process of law, *our* meaning is clear enough to all sensible people. We mean just what we say,—no more and no less. We mean that your horse shall not be taken from your stable and sold at public sale to satisfy your debts, until a due process of law has authorized an officer to make the sale; we mean that you shall not be turned out of house and home until there is some kind of legal warrant for this ejectment; that your store-house shall not be closed up, your saw-mill shut down, your bank thrown into the hands of a receiver, until there has been taken against you those preliminary steps prescribed by statute, and usually known as "due process of law."

But the corporation lawyer has been incubating upon this question, as upon many others, and he has hatched a new doctrine, altogether. According to the corporation lawyer, *the capital invested in a railroad is always entitled to earn a profit,* and when the legislative branch of the Government makes a law which cuts off the net profit of a railroad, *it has confiscated the railroad!* Consequently, the law is void.

It is difficult for plain people, like you and me, to understand how a corporation lawyer can keep his face straight while making a plea of that kind,—but he does, nevertheless. Many corporation lawyers have faces that have been laboriously cultivated for many years, and which are warranted to keep straight under the most trying circumstances.

TEACHING THE PARROT TO SAY THE WORD.

This "*Confiscatory*" nonsense is a case in point. The law means that *the property* of the corporation shall not be taken away from it without due process of law. The law *means* that the corporation shall not be deprived of its road-bed, its depots, its locomotives, its box-cars, its passenger coaches, etc., without legal process first being had against the Company. But the astute, resourceful, and infinitely subtle corporation lawyer has juggled with the plain meaning of the law until he has committed the corporation judges to a doctrine that was never dreampt of until recent years. According to this new doctrine, the Government *confiscates* the entire property when a law is enacted which, according to their showing, will deprive the corporation of net profits.

The merchant may do business for years under conditions which make profits impossible, but *he still has his property.* He doesn't claim that his store-house and his stock of goods have been *confiscated.*

The farmer has been doing business for nearly forty years without net profits. He has barely earned living wages. The statistics gathered and published by the Government show this to be true. Yet the farmer still has his mules, cows, hogs, houses and land; the *title* is in him; the *possession* is his; *he* does not yell "*Confiscation!*"

But the railroad king claims a Divine right to net profits, and he arrogates to himself the power to call a halt upon the Government whenever any

legislation threatens those net earnings. He says that the loss of net profits means that *his property* has been *confiscated.* He still holds the title to all of his property; he still has possession; he still has the unhampered use of it; but he says *he has been deprived of it, within the meaning of the law, because he cannot make a net profit.* Before we either accept or reject a revolutionary doctrine of this sort, let us carefully consider it.

(1). First of all, *where is the limit* to which such a principle would take us?

It cannot be claimed that railroad investments are the only ones entitled to the benefit of the doctrine.

If capital invested in railroad business is confiscated when deprived of profits, then capital invested in all business is confiscated under like conditions.

If an Act of Congress is null and void *because* it deprives a railroad of net earnings on its property, then any act of any Legislature, *and every act of every municipality* which cuts off net profits is equally confiscatory, and can be set aside. Any special tax or special regulation, which State Legislatures and town councils should impose upon the various kinds of business could be held up, combatted, and set aside upon the specious plea, *"If you compel me to obey that law, I cannot make a profit—therefore, your law is confiscatory."*

Thus, at every step, the law-making agencies would be reduced to imbecility.

(2). How can any court *intelligently* pass upon such a question?

The corporation lawyer comes before the Judge and proposes to make a demonstration of the fact that if a certain statute is put into operation the railroad cannot earn a dividend.

How can such a demonstration be made satisfactory? How is it *possible* for any lawyer to make such a demonstration?

The conditions of tomorrow may be wholly different from those of today. Prices rise and fall; traffic fluctuates; management changes; *calculations* of the nicest kind are upset by altered *facts.*

The Judge may be able to form a sound opinion, based upon the proven conditions of *today,* but how can the Judge conscientiously decide that if the railroad is compelled to obey any given statute *it will be permanently deprived of a profit?*

Surely, no court would rule that *a temporary* loss of net earnings is tantamount to *confiscation.* Surely the Court would require a showing to the effect that the natural and inevitable consequence of a given statute is to deprive the railroad of its profits *permanently.*

How can it be *possible* to prove such a thing?

(3). Again, how can it be claimed, *reasonably,* that it is the province of a court to pass upon the question of *the proper management of the railroad?*

Where would *that* sort of investigation end?

The corporation lawyer says to the judge, "If that 2 cent passenger rate goes into effect we cannot make a net profit; *therefore,* it is confiscatory."

But the Judge should at least demand to know that the loss of net profit would be due to the imposition of the 2 cent rate and *not* to any error in management. Clearly, the reasonable attitude of the corporation lawyer, even from his own point of view, should be this: "If we manage the property *in the most business-like way,* we cannot make a profit *because of this 2 cent rate."*

Now, consider what an *unjudicial* burden that contention puts upon the Court.

Assuming that the Judge is conscientious, there must be a thorough investigation of the system under which the road is operated; also, of the legitimate expenses; also, of the legitimate capitalization.

See what a wilderness at once surrounds the Judge! See what labor of Hercules is thrown upon the Attorney General of the State!

Will it ever be possible for the Court to separate the stock-watering transactions from the honest investments of actual cash?

Never in the world.

In many cases, the books and papers have been destroyed. In other cases, there is no living expert who is both able and willing to dig the truth out of the puzzles of book-keeping. In *every* case, there would be a battle-royal, all along the line, as to what was a watered-stock transaction and what was an honest, legitimate issue of stocks and bonds. Thus, the Court would find itself involved in a running fight that covers decades, *without the remotest chance of being able to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.* Besides, the Court would owe it to the country to scrutinize the operating expenses, the fixed charges, and the extra disbursements of the corporation.

Is the property loaded down with the weight of parasites? Do the men who draw the big salaries earn them?

Is the Special Counsel a lobbyist and corruptionist, and if so *should the corporation be allowed the protection of such an expense in its show-up of operating cost?*

How many newspapers are subsidized, and how much of the money goes *that* way?

How much is spent in campaign contributions, and is *that* expense legitimate?

How much is paid to satisfy damage suits, and to what extent do those suits grow out of *mismanagement of the property?*

What kind of traffic arrangement exists *between the railroad and the Express companies,* and to what extent does this arrangement *milk the railroad for the enrichment of the inner clique* which owns the majority stock of the Express companies?

All of these questions are necessarily involved in the case, *provided the Judge is a conscientious man who wants to do his duty.*

This being so, it is easy to realize the utter impossibility of the task of the Court. The corporation lawyers are simply asking the Judges to act as parrots for the corporations, and to say "*Confiscatory*" because the corporations will thereby be relieved of public control. They *know* that Courts cannot possibly go into the issues herein referred to, get at the whole truth, and THUS reach a just decision.

(4). When postage was reduced, in Great Britain, from twenty-four cents per letter to four cents, the wise-acres proclaimed the lunacy of the reformers. With one accord the moss-backs prophesied bankruptcy and ruin. All the world knows what happened. Postage being high, few people wrote letters. Postage being cheap, everybody wrote letters. Result: postal receipts grew until the wise-acres were convinced and the reformers gloriously vindicated.

How does anybody know that a 2 cent passenger rate will *not increase travel* to such an extent as to become more profitable to the railroads than was the 3 cent fare?

HOW CAN ANY COURT CONSCIENTIOUSLY ASSUME THE ROLE OF PROPHET?

The locomotive frequently pulls half-empty coaches: if we had cheaper rates, the cars might be generally filled; in that case, the lower rate and fuller car would certainly mean increased net earnings.

Any middle-aged man can recall the time when matches were high-priced; they were then carefully hoarded. Now, when they are cheap, every coon carries a box in his pocket.

Quinine, in 1878, was selling at $3.80 per ounce, because it was monopolized almost entirely by Powers & Weightman, under the protection of a tremendous Tariff duty. At such a price, quinine was to some extent confined to the well-to-do people; to some extent, the poor were deprived of its benefit. In 1879, the Tariff duty was taken off, and quinine went upon the Free List. Immediately, the price dropped; soon it was 65 cents per ounce; and *the consumption of the drug enormously increased.*

So it would *probably be* with passenger travel on railroads.

And the railroad managers ought to know it, for they themselves have seen the never-failing result of granting *Special Rates on certain days.*

The Excursion Train nuisance is based upon this principle. Why not abolish the nuisance and yet apply the principle,—reaping the profit,—by broadening the concession of *Cheap Rates all over the year?*

Then there would be no crush, no riot, no drunken frolic, but a steady, orderly increase of regular travel, *good for the people and good for the railroads.*

Such would be *the probable results* of the cheaper rate, but I am not contending that the Courts should so *decide.* What I *do* contend for is this, *The Courts should not undertake to decide that the cheaper passenger rate would not increase the number of passengers, and thereby increase the earnings of the roads.*

Even as these lines were being written, comes the news from Nebraska that the 2 cent rate which has recently been put in force there *has* increased the travel and *has increased the net earnings of the roads.*

If later reports should establish the fact that the lower rate *has* increased the net earnings, then the folly of those judges who assume to prophesy *the future effect* of any given law will have been demonstrated beyond question.

The sound position for the Courts to take, even if they construe the word *Confiscate* to mean what the corporation lawyers claim, is this,

"Give the 2 cent rate a fair trial, for a reasonable length of time, and then if it cuts all the profits out of your business, bring before us all the facts. Let us see *how* you are managing. We want to know the name of every man who is on your pay-roll and what he does to earn what you pay him. We want to see where your revenue comes from and where it goes. If you are maintaining parasites, lobbyists, press-agents, boodlers and vote buyers, those unlawful expenditures must be lopped off. If you have been pouring water into your stocks and bonds—look out! We will calculate your right to net profits upon actual value, arrived at by honest disinterested appraisement of the property, *unless you can prove to my satisfaction what is your actual capitalization.* If there is a hugger-mugger arrangement between your management and the Express companies,—watch out! We won't stand for it. You must compel the Express companies to pay precisely the same rates that other shippers pay. You must clear your skirts of the smell of the foul, lawless, *Rebate. Come with clean hands,* and make a clean showing, or we will send you packing."

Suppose the Courts should take that tone, do you suppose the corporations would be insolently demanding that Acts of Congress and of Legislatures be set aside at *their* sovereign pleasure?

Yet why should *not* the Courts take that ground?

In what respect is it untenable?

To what extent does it work the slightest injustice to capital invested in railways.

If any corporation lawyer *thinks* he can demonstrate that this position is untenable, he is welcome to space in our pages. If we are wrong, we will cheerfully accept correction.

The Right Reverend Bishop of San Antonio.

The Southern Messenger, a Catholic paper published in San Antonio, Texas, sends us a marked copy, with heavy blue-pencil lines drawn around the following editorial.:

"MAKING WAR ON RELIGION.

"There are still a few bigots in this country—and Tom Watson is one of them—who stand up for the French Government and its persecution of the Church, and claim that the former is not making war upon religion. We should like to know how they can explain away the following public utterances of the Minister of Public Worship, M. Briand:

"Addressing the school teachers of France, he said: 'The time has come to root up from the minds of French children the ancient faith and get rid of the Christian idea.' And again, with horrible blasphemy, he declared: 'We have hunted Jesus Christ out of the army, the navy, the schools, the hospitals, the asylums and law courts; and now we must hunt Him out of the State altogether!' Could anything be plainer than this? Similar statements have been uttered by Premier Clemenceau and others, and applauded by their infidel supporters. Can any sane person doubt that the war on the Catholic Church—practically the only organized body of Christians in France—is in reality a war against Christianity—against all religion."

The Souhern Messenger purports to be published *"under the auspices of the Right Reverend J. A. Forest, Bishop of San Antonio."*

It is to be regretted that the Right Reverend Bishop should sanction the publication of editorials which show a supreme disregard for Truth.

If the Right Reverend Bishop knows anything of Mr. Watson at all, he knows that Mr. Watson is not in the least degree "a bigot," and that he does not "stand up" for any "persecution of the church" by the French Government, or by any other Government.

Assuming that the Right Reverend Bishop has read the Magazine article to which the *Messenger* alludes, he *knows* that the whole trend of Mr. Watson's essay (see January number, 1907, WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE), was to demonstrate that the French Government has *not* persecuted the church, nor religion, nor Christ. What the French Government did was to *separate the Church from the State* just as Thomas Jefferson had prevailed upon Virginia to do prior to the adoption of our present national Constitution.

France took control over the State-Church property, *just as Virginia did.*

But France did not seek to prevent churches from being used for religious rites and purposes any more than Virginia did. France merely claimed the power which Texas, Virginia, *and every other State in this Union now exercises over religious corporations.*

Prior to the new French laws, the Catholic Church had occupied in France a position of *Special Favor.* It enjoyed Privileges and Revenues which no

other Church enjoyed. The people were taxed for its benefit by the State. Every year the Government paid into the Church treasury $10,000,000 of the money collected from all classes, by taxation. *No other denomination was treated with such favor.* All other denominations lived upon voluntary contributions. *The Catholic Church, alone, fed out of the public crib.* Therefore, the situation was this: The State taxed all oher denominations, as well as non-Believers, for *the benefit of a specially favored denomination,* to wit, the Catholics.

In the eyes of all excepting hide-bound priests and blindly servile dupes of priests such taxation is unjust. The State has no business to tax the Catholic for the benefit of the Protestants; nor to tax Protestants for the benefit of Catholics. Indeed, *the State has no business taxing the people for the benefit of any priesthood whatsoever.* If the disciples of the clergy do not think enough of them to support them with voluntary offerings, then the shepherds have lost the confidence of the flock.

When Catholics, in Ireland, were taxed to support the English State-Church,—Episcopal,—it was easy for Catholics to see that such taxation was unjust. The same logic applies as readily to France.

* * * * *

But the gist of the whole matter is this: In France the Catholic Church had long enjoyed Special Privileges, and under the new laws those Special Privileges are taken away. Hence the howls of priests who put fanatical allegiance to the Pope *above* patriotic loyalty to France.

Hereafter, the Catholic Church will be on the same level with all other churches in France, and *that is precisely where the shoe pinches.*

The Catholic hierarchy resents the loss of the yearly revenue of ten million dollars, and it resents the loss of *the Special Privilege which Catholicism enjoyed as a partner of the State.*

Those American prelates who have lent themselves to the outcry against the French Government have harmed none but themselves. After awhile, the great majority of temperate, liberal, reasonable Catholics will realize the folly of denouncing the French Government for having done the same thing that our forefathers did. After awhile, these more sensible Catholics will recognize the inconsistency of maintaining that the Catholic Church in France *should be upheld in arrogating to itself a superiority over all other religious organizations which it has not,* AS YET, *claimed for itself in these United States.*

"All religious denominations shall be as equals before the Law," is the American precept and practice.

Why should not France be permitted to embrace the same precept and adopt the same practice?

The Right Reverend Bishop of San Antonio would find it rather difficult to give a fair, square answer to *that* question.

* * * * *

The Southern Messenger is so fatuously misled as to represent Minister Briand as boasting that the French Government had "hunted Jesus Christ out of the army, the navy, the schools, the hospitals and law courts; and now we must hunt Him out of the State, altogether."

Those students of history who are familiar with the literature of monkish forgeries and ecclesiastical fiction, smile at a silly fabrication of that sort, but we regret to see such stuff published *"under the auspices of the Right Reverend Bishop of San Antonio."*

We fear his Reverence is no better informed of the speeches and writings of the French Minister than of the magazine article of Mr. Watson. One who occupies so exalted a position as that of Right Reverend Bishop is under peculiar obligations to see to it that statements published *under his auspices* are scrupulously correct.

The brief editorial which we have copied and commented upon, deals with but two persons, and misrepresents both. It quotes language of Mr. Briand *which he never used,* and attributes to Mr. Watson a position *which he never took.*

When in the course of human events an *average editor,* or publisher, falls into gross error, injurious to his fellow man, such *average editor* generally makes correction. Likewise, *reparation* to the extent of his power.

Whether the same rule applies to publications made "under the auspices of the Right Reverend J. A. Forest, Bishop of San Antonio," remains to be seen.

For the sake of Him who warned us not to bear false witness against our neighbor, we trust that the Right Reverend Bishop will recognize his error and make Christian reparation.

In the meanwhile, may we, without offense, advise his Reverence concerning this political tangle which we are discussing?

Let the Bishop clear his mind of foggy misunderstanding. Let him pass over the cooked-up stories which the priestly politicians of the Vatican send out for political effect. Let him remember that the crux of the matter is this—"*Shall France be governed, from Rome, by a lot of Italian priests, or shall she be* HOME-RULED *by responsible ministers* CHOSEN BY THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE." Politically, *that* is the question. Politically, the fight is over *Power,* not *religion.*

Shall *democracy,* expressing itself at the ballot-box, control all the civil affairs of France, or shall autocracy, represented by the Roman hierarchy, and ruled by secret conclave at the Vatican, erect within France an empire greater than that of the Government which the French have set up for themselves?

Let the Right Reverend Bishop of San Antonio remember, also, that *France is a nation of Catholics.* Its army is Catholic, and Christ has not been "run out" of it to any greater extent than he has been "run out" of the army of the United States. Let the Bishop remember that the French navy is Catholic, and that its schools are Catholic and its hospitals and law courts are Catholic. Christ has no more been "*run out*" of those institutions in France than he has been run out of corresponding institutions in our own country.

When public schools are taught in France as they are taught in the United States,—*education being secular and not denominational,*—such Catholics as those who are now denouncing the French Government raise the clamor that "*Christ* has been run out of the schools!"

Of course, the statement is untrue. What *is* true is that the schools have been freed from the clutches of the priests.

Inasmuch as it is the tendency of all priesthoods to identify themselves with God, it is never possible to curtail the powers and privileges of any priesthood without raising their outcry of, "*You are making war on God!*"

We Americans, at least, ought to be able to draw the distinction between a war on Christ and a war upon clericalism.

Christ did not ask Caesar to tax the people for his own enrichment, and he showed no inclination to collect about himself that enormous wealth which the Church of today is so keen in accumulating.

So far as we can judge by what Christ did while on earth, it would please him divinely to see the Church once more reduced to poverty. *When it was poor, it was pure.* The riches, the political power, the corruption and the fearful crimes of the Church have their historic origin in the co-partnership that was formed between the Emperor Constantine and the Christian priesthood.

Given too much wealth and power, priests abuse them, just as other men do. Human nature is the same wherever we find it. Wearers of clerical vestments are *men,* after all; and when we fancy that they have not like passions with ourselves we practice self-deception.

Why is the priesthood so rotten and so tyrannical in Spain?

Because it has a monopoly of religious power, a despotism over the conscience, and riches in excess of its legitimate needs..

Why is the priesthood so comparatively pure and Christlike in America?

Because it has no monopoly, and *no fixed income.* The Church rests upon the confidence and the loving devotion of the people; consequently it must *win* the confidence and *deserve* the loving devotion.

These sentiments are the foundation of its strength. To these sentiments it must look for its revenues.

Before it can expect to collect its wages, it must be *worthy* of its hire. Therefore, Catholic priests always show to the best advantage in Protestant countries, *where they have to compete for good will and public confidence.*

It is in Italy, where the Pope has been spiritually supreme for ages, that Roman Catholicism is seen at its worst.

Right at the base of the grandest Christian temples on earth, dig the sappers and miners of skepticism who, *knowing what the Catholic hierarchy actually is,* hate it with the fiercest hatred.

While ten thousand misguided American Catholics were assembling in New York, not long ago, to denounce the French Government and to express sympathy for the Pope, *fifteen thousand Italian Catholics were storming through the streets of Rome, ready to sack the Vatican!*

The Romans live in full sight of the clerical machine, and are witness to its workings; and there are *ten* infidels in Italy, *who have been made so by what they have seen,* to where there is *one* in France, who have been made so by anything done by the French Government.

* * * * *

That the Right Reverend Bishop of San Antonio, Texas, should sanction the classing of Mr. Watson as a "bigot" need excite no surprise in those who know that this same spirit of intolerance which so often dominates the higher clergy, caused them to outlaw Charles Dickens.

Few reformers have ever done the world more good by speech or work than the warm-hearted Charles Dickens accomplished with his pen.

With the weapons of wit and humor, with appeals to conscience indignant or pathetic, he did his utmost to arouse Public Opinion against Evil, wherever he saw it. Tenderly, he laid his hands upon the reins of Thought and exerted his every effort to guide it aright.

Travelling in Italy during the Austrian occupation, when the Papal power had the support of foreign bayonets, *Dickens witnessed the workings of the papal system at a time* WHEN IT DID JUST AS IT PLEASED.

What Dickens saw, filled him with horror and disgust. He published the facts to the world. It was not denied that the situation was just as he described it. But because he had exposed to the world a frightful situation, bringing the Church into discredit, he and his writings were savagely condemned by the Italian priesthood. *It was made a capital crime to publish or circulate Dickens' books in Italy or Austria!*

Whenever his works were found, they were seized and confiscated. The owner, if an Italian, was fined and cast into prison. Catholics were forbidden to read Dickens' books under pain of excommunication.

Think of the intolerance which made it a crime, punishable with death, to publish "David Copperfield," "A Tale of Two Cities" and "A Child's Dream of a Star!"

Think of the bigotry which even to this day retains the name of Dickens upon the list of the condemned, whose works no Spanish Catholic may read without sin!

His Reverence, the Bishop of San Antonio confers high honor upon Mr. Watson in classing him with the "bigots" among whom are to be found such broad-minded, noble-souled philanthropists as Charles Dickens.

The Color Line.

In *Current Literature*, for April, 1907, the Editor says:

"Herbert Spencer has contributed greatly to smooth President Roosevelt's way to the adoption of a satisfactory treaty with Japan. The letter which he wrote in 1892 to Baron Kaneko Kentaro, which was not published until after Mr. Spencer's death, has done much to convince the Japanese leaders of thought that there is more in race hostility than mere prejudice and individual selfishness.

The Baron had written asking Mr. Spencer concerning the advisability of intermarriage between the Japanese and other peoples.

Mr. Spencer's reply was: *'It should be positively forbidden.'*

When there is interbreeding, he declared, either among animals or among human beings, of varieties that diverge beyond a certain slight degree, the result is 'an incalculable mixture of traits' especially in the second generation, and 'a chaotic constitution.'

Spencer went on to say:

'I have for the reasons indicated entirely approved of the regulations which have been established in America for restraining the Chinese immigration, and had I the power I would restrict them to the smallest possible amount; my reasons for this decision being that one of two things must happen. If the Chinese are allowed to settle extensively in America, they must either, if they remain unmixed, form a subject race standing in the position, if not of slaves, yet of a class approaching to slaves; or if they mix they must form a bad hybrid. In either case, supposing the immigration to be large, immense social mischief must arise, and eventually social disorganization.

'The same thing will happen if there should be any considerable mixture of European or American races with the Japanese.'

Needless to say, Mr. Spencer's letter has had wide publicity in Japan as well as in California and has done much to reconcile the Mikado's subjects to such a treaty as will now be negotiated."

The foregoing is a remarkable confirmation of the position taken in that fearlessly candid book, "*The Color Line,*" by Professor William Benjamin Smith, of Tulane University.

If the reasoning of Herbert Spencer had such a benign influence over the minds of "*the leaders of thought*" in Japan, our own country may derive direct benefit from the lesson.

If the wise rulers of Japan accepted as a great Truth the teaching of the English philosopher and, in consequence of this, acquiesced in the exclusion of their own people from the United States—recognizing that the Whites had the innate right on their side in protecting their race from the Yellow infusion,—may we not be justified in nursing the expectation that the time may soon come when the United States will realize that the same great principle applies *where the alien race is Black?*

Professor Smith's book is a powerful plea for racial purity. It is by far the strongest array of fact and argument, on that side, which has yet been condensed into one volume.

The proposition is, that the Negroes are an inferior race; that to grant them social and political equality will lead inevitably to an intermixture of the two races; and that the product of such interbreeding will be a Mongrel race lower, certainly, than the Whites, and, perhaps, lower even than the Blacks.

That the Black race has ever been and is now inferior to the Whites no one disputes. That social intercourse upon equal terms would tend, logically, to the intermarriage of members of the two races, is no less true. But the hybrid offspring of such miscegenation would, on an average, be inferior to the best of the Whites and the Blacks, can hardly be doubted by those who *know* the Mulatto.

Professor Smith quotes a proverb which is current on the West African Coast: "God made the Whites, and we don't know who made the Blacks; but it was the devil, certainly, who made the Mongrels."

Throughout the Southern States, one hears a saying whose meaning is much the same:

"The Mulatto has the vices of both parents and the virtues of neither."

In this connection, it may be interesting to note the opinion, to the same effect, of the present Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States.

Mr. Bryce says:

" . . . The mixture of Whites and Negroes, . . . *seldom show good results.*"

Mr. Bryce not only contends that such an intermingling of two races so different from each other as the Caucasians and the Negroes, produces a result inferior to the higher stock, but not better than the lower stock.

Impressed with the profound importance of this question, *in its relation to the future,* Professor Smith has ably, laboriously, courageously and fairly —as we think—presented *the case against Mongrelism.*

His book should be studied by every citizen who realizes the tremendous possibilities for good and evil there are hidden away in the so-called Negro Question.

* * * * *

While in Florida last winter, I was talking with a gentleman who had been hiring Seminole Indians to pick tomatoes for market.

(By the way, it was such an unprecedented thing for Indian *men* to go to work, that the Seminole squaws could never get used to the sight. They

ran up and down the tomato rows, laughing, clapping their hands, shouting to one another, cackling at the men,—carried away by childish excitement and exhilaration at the novel sight of seeing Indian *men* in the field, *at work!*)

Knowing that the Seminoles were thrown with all sorts of negroes at the stations and in the fields, I inquired whether the Indians had the same racial hostility to the Negroes that the Whites have.

"*Just the same!*" was the answer, prompt and decided.

* * * * *

After all, the existence of what is called "race prejudice" would seem to argue some universal instinct of *race preservation.*

Viewed from this standpoint, *race prejudice* IS RACIAL SELF DEFENSE.

If the line were sharply drawn between *political privileges* and *legal rights,*—the Negro being given all of the latter and none of the former,—the Negro Problem would disappear.

Our Government should be Caucasian. Neither in the military nor in the civil service do we need the Yellow man, the Red man, or the Black man.

There is antagonism between the races for which *nature* is responsible. To multiply points of contact, is to increase the provocations to conflict. Put Negroes in the army, and we have Brownsville riots. Put Negroes in the civil service, and we have a smothered state of insubordination all along the line.

The Government should treat facts as facts. It should adopt that course which is *best for both races.* Put no more Negroes in the army; put no more in the civil service; let the Black man plainly understand that *we will protect him in the full enjoyment of his natural, absolute rights*—his right to life, liberty and property,—but that we will not go a step further.

If this course were adopted, and resolutely, honestly, impartially pursued, nine-tenths of the Negroes would be glad of it. Nine-tenths of the Negroes care nothing about social equality, politics, higher education and the loony dreams of Afro-American elevation. The average Negro is satisfied when he is treated as a human being, protected in all his absolute rights under the law, judged by his own character and conduct, and allowed to enjoy his own hog and hominy in his own way. Nine-tenths of the Negroes care nothing whatever about holding office and dabbling in Government.

The other tenth *does!* The other tenth wants a finger in every pie. The other tenth is as good as the Whites, if not better. The other tenth consists of Afro-Americans who have been spoiled by well-meant but mistaken Northern philanthropy, and whose heads are full of crazy notions of their own perfectibility, moonshine visions of their exalted destiny and similar miscellaneous bosh.

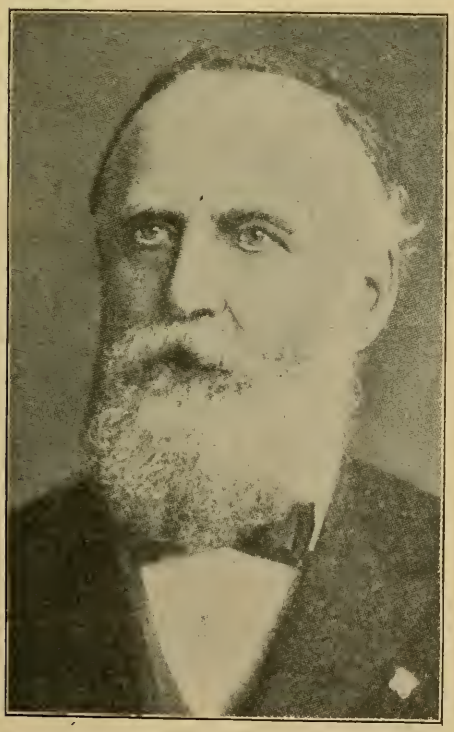
This tenth, if shut out from fat offices, melon-cutting political conventions, Pullman cars and the white schools, would undoubtedly howl. For awhile the T. Thomas Fortunes, Bishop Turners and Senator Forakers would certainly make the welkin ring.

But even that *tenth* would soon subside when they saw that our policy was one of *Wisdom*, CONDUCIVE TO THE HAPPINESS OF BOTH RACES.

A Survey of the World.

By Sam W. Small

A desire for the world's peace has engaged the thoughts of philanthropists, and especially of Christian enthusiasts, for centuries. The idea of "the federation of the world" was not first born in the poetic phraseology of Tennyson. It had its concept long before with apostles, kings, and reformers. But the due time for practical consideration of the idea had to await the present age. Steam navigation, commercial intercourse between nations and electric cable communication around and over the globe were needed before the reasons and instrumentalities could be commanded for making and insuring methods of universal peace between civilized nationalities.



WILLIAM T. STEAD.

The noted English editor and volunteer "Angel of Peace," who is in this country begging for 100,000 American dollars to oil his wings as he flies from nation to nation.

These things are now prevalent. Meanwhile some of the greatest and bloodiest wars of history have changed the maps of the nations. Within a half century the world has been compressed and bound together in an amazing way and the language of diplomacy may be spoken from Washington to Pekin, or from London to Tokyo within an hour and answered with world-wide consequences within the second hour.

Such conditions are dynamic for good or for evil to mankind. A universal blaze of fury or calm of contentment can now occur in a day. The wisdom, then, of all nations and all statesmen is needed to study and determine how these conditions may be speedily and permanently turned, by the simple processes of arbitration, into that long sought desideratum—the realization of the angelic proclamation of "Peace on Earth" made on the hills nigh Bethlehem nineteen centuries ago, and prayed for by all good men more insistently in every generation of mankind since that time.

During the week of April 14 to 17 a Peace Conference was held in New

York, presided over by Andrew Carnegie. He has taken great interest in peace measures and donated the money to erect a magnificent palace for a Peace Tribunal at The Hague, where the first Peace Conference was held in 1889.

There were many notable delegates at the New York meeting, voluntary representatives of various countries, and stirring speeches were made by Secretary Root, William T. Stead, of London, Professor Munsterburg of Berlin, Andrew Carnegie and other celebrities. All expressions made were favorable to the general peace proposals, but President Roosevelt, in a very cogent letter, warned the meeting that the great objectives of righteousness in world dealings may occasionally override the noblest of peace sentiments and make a war justifiable and profitable to all humanity.

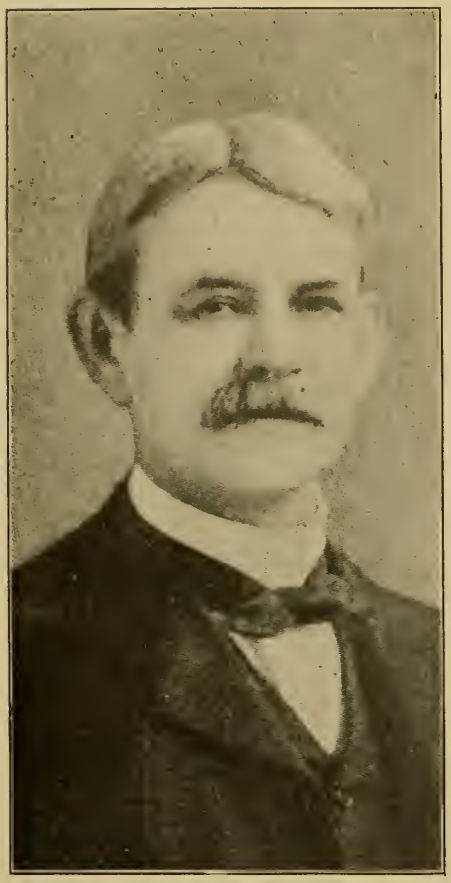
The Hague meeting in June will be of a more authoritative character and produce more definite results, looking to the increase of international arbitrations.

THE JAMESTOWN TER-CENTENNIAL.

Celebrating the coming to American shores of the first English **colony** under Captain John Smith, April 26, 1607.

The Jamestown Exposition.

On the 26th the opening exercises of the Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition at Norfolk, Virginia, were held. This splendid enterprise was inaugurated some years ago by citizens of Virginia to fittingly commemorate the first landing of English colonists on American shores. It was on April 26, 1607, that Captain John Smith and his small company of adventurers entered the Virginia capes and set foot on that point of land in the James River that has since become an island and on which they



HON. HARRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

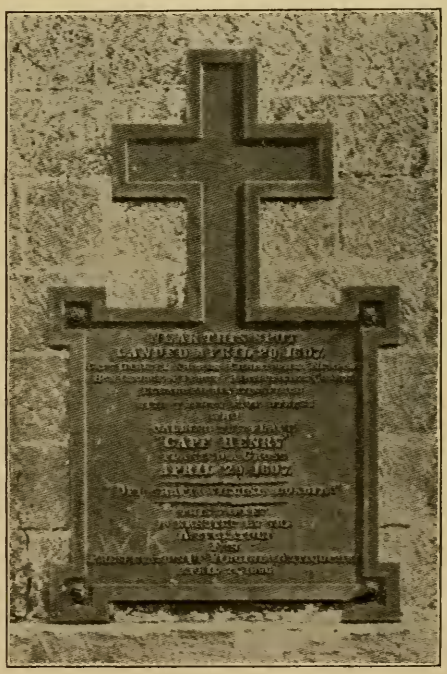
Ex-Congressman, President of Washintgon University and now President of the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition Company. He is an able, courtly, and eloquent son of the "Old Dominion."

located their settlement called Jamestown.

The Jamestown landing antedated that of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock by thirteen years. The colony had many and hard struggles both with the surrounding Indians and later with the home authorities in England. Out of the former grew the romance of John Smith and Pocahontas, the Indian princess who saved the life of the doughty captain, but married John Rolfe. She died in England, leaving a strain of blood, however, that continues to crop out from the tongues of thousands of Virginians to this good day.

Out of the struggles of the colonists with the home government was evolved the first home rule legislative assembly known in the American colonies, due largely to the wisdom and courage of Governor George Yardly.

The Tercentennial Exposition is located on the shore near Norfolk and overlooking famous Hampton Roads, one of the greatest harbors of the world, where the unique battle between the Confederate "Merrimac" and the Federal "Monitor" occurred during the Civil War—a battle that began the revolution in naval architecture and warfare that has brought



THE CAPE HENRY TABLET.

Erected against the old lighthouse at Cape Henry, Virginia, to commemorate the landing of the Jamestown colonists, April 26, 1607.

us to the 21,000-ton steel battleships of today.

In the harbor during the exposition will be gathered an assemblage of representative ships of all nations and a naval display will be made that has never before been witnessed in the world's history.

The United States government has, as usual, liberally aided the exposition by appropriations and loans, and the enterprise will be operated largely under a receivership to assure the return of the federal advancements. The Exposition is not complete at the opening for obvious reasons. The national and participating state governments were slow in their appropriations, but probably by June 1st the great and unique exhibition will be in full dress and prove the center of attraction for several millions of patriotic Americans and thousands of intelligent foreigners studying American history and affairs. It is greatly to be hoped that the enterprise will prove every way profitable.

The Third Term Idea.

There is a growing insistence in Republican party circles that President Roosevelt *must* accept a renomination next year and test his popularity with the American people in an endeavor to break the precedent against a third term in the Presidency. Such an effort failed in 1880 when the "Old Guard of Grant," the noble "306," held out for a third term for him, even after he had been out of the office for the term of Hayes, the fraudulent President.

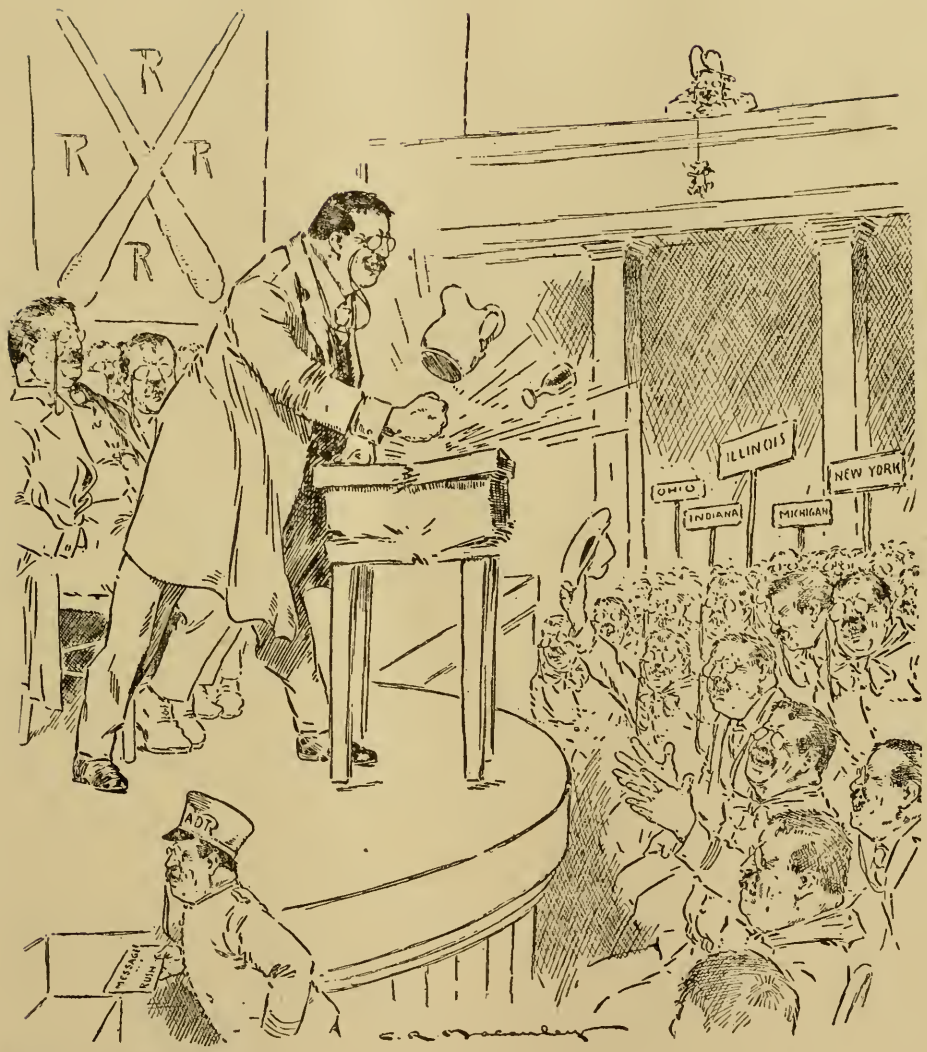
But we live now in parlous times, the like of which our fathers never imagined, and, although President Roosevelt has said that "the man has not yet been born who would dare to offend the anti-third term feelings of the people," he is being urged to do that thing by fervid politicians and enthusiastic legislatures of his own party complexion.

The argument in support of a third term for Roosevelt is that his policies in pursuit of trusts and railway corporations that break the laws demand his continuance in office until they are fully accomplished. But President Roosevelt has replied that the argument, read aright, implies a sad poverty in the Republican party and in American confidence if only himself is left to do the work he has begun, and he refuses the compliment. We believe he has the purpose to honestly redeem his pledge when elected in 1904 and that he will refuse to be the Presidential candidate of his own, or any, party in 1908.

That President Roosevelt is anxious to name his successor may be accepted and we look to see him make every legitimate endeavor to that end. He has indicated Secretary Taft as his preference, but if necessity demands he would forego Taft and urge some other man of his own "way of thinking" who might appear meanwhile to be the more available person to win the Presidency.

If necessary to control this matter we can even imagine President Roosevelt permitting his name to be used to gather a majority of delegates and allowing them to name him for the third term, with boundless enthusiasm, only to take charge personally of such a "Teddy Convention" and turn it to the man he really wishes to be the Republican nominee of 1908.

In the meantime Vice-President Fairbanks is busy laying underground conduits for his boom wires and Foraker has broken into the open in Ohio, like an Irish bully at Donnybrook, daring the administration to a duel in the Buckeye stronghold. It is a merry mess for the nonce with plenty of guesses coming as to future turns and tricks in the game.



Macauley in the New York World.

"IT IS UNANIMOUS"!

The Contest in 1908.

The people are beginning to think of 1908 and the contest between parties for the Presidency.

The Republicans are almost always optimists, because of their long continuance in national power. They cannot admit the possibility that the people will turn them out and they profess, in view of the returns in 1896, 1900 and 1904, to believe that another nomination of William Jennings Bryan by the Democrats will be equal to a Republican walk-over in next year's race.

There are divisions in the Republican ranks, but strangely enough the most radical reformers like LaFollette seem to be as much *personae non gratae* with the President as are the ultra-conservatives and reactionaries like Fairbanks and Foraker. Those people who are not Republicans by heredity or faith have little to hope for because of Republican party dissensions. The railway magnates may howl because Roosevelt berates them, but they dare not conspire beyond the effort to defeat his autocracy within the party house. All the beneficiaries of special privileges know that the safety and further enjoyment of their grafts depend upon their fealty to the Republican party and their satisfactory financing of its campaigns. They do not dare to desert the fortress of their feudal powers.

Nor can the citizen who is not a Republican at heart see anything to encourage his patriotism when he looks to the Democratic party. The organization of the party is in the hands of the Eastern plutocrats and privilege-seekers, combined with those Southern office-hunters who are always ready to sacrifice anything to their desire to "get in" where the spoils are available. The men who engineered the party into and through the Parker fiasco of 1904 are already prepared to manipulate, if they can, the national convention of next year and force the nomination of some nondescript so-called "conservative," such as Judge Gray of Delaware, or Judson Harmon of Ohio. In fact, a plain, unprejudiced observer would think that the whole purpose of Eastern democrats is to promote and secure the supremacy of the Republican party in national affairs.

The trend of the better class of "label" Democrats is all toward William Jennings Bryan. With a popular uprising in his behalf in the South and West he can be renominated and the policy of the party again revolutionized as it was at Chicago in 1896. That will mean an enthusiastic campaign by the Southern and Western sections of the party, another bolt by the Eastern crowd, and scant chance of success for Mr. Bryan. It would demonstrate once more the futility of trying to induce the people of the United States to elevate to power a party without a constructive policy and a united, harmonious following. It is pitiable to see a great, historic party in such a plight in an era so profoundly momentous, but what else can be expected from the present opportunist and compromising leaders of that party?

The South in Politics.

The most significant sign of the times has been the overtures proceeding from Eastern sources to flatter the Southern democrats into forwarding "some good Southern Democrat" for the Presidential nomination. No sane man can be deceived by such proposals. They are conceived in hatred of William Jennings Bryan and put forth to conceal the feeling of Eastern Democrats, who despair of securing a nominee of their own cult and who scent national defeat and would like for once to put the blame for it upon the Southern Democrats.

The speech of Colonel George B. M. Harvey, editor of *Harper's Weekly,* at Charleston, was an exception to that line of advice. He yet feels that victory for the party depends upon Eastern leadership. After deprecating past Southern alliances with Western radicalism he advises us to "look to the East" for a winning Democratic candidate. He forgets the Parker "lemon" of 1904. Confessedly, also, he could not remember the name of that acceptable Eastern Democrat who would lead his party to victory. He did not call any names in that connection. For evidently he realizes that men of the George Gray and Woodrow Wilson type (although speciously called "Southern" men), would not find favor with the more militant Democrats of Georgia, Texas, Nebraska, or Minnesota. The truth is, the East has no *possible* candidate for the Democratic nomination.

Today, as our map of electoral votes exhibits, the only Democratic *sure States* are the twelve Southern States from Virginia to Texas, inclusive. Maryland, in 1904, gave her 7 electoral votes to Parker, by the Gorman influence, but Maryland is more surely a Republican than a Democratic State.

The Democratic party, if the Oklahoma constitution is ratified and accepted in Washington, will probably gain the 7 electoral votes of the new state of Oklahoma in 1908. So that the basis of calculation of chances in 1908 must be as we show it—Republican electoral votes, 343; Democratic electoral votes 133, or a majority of 110 for the Republican ticket.

Manifestly something in the nature of a Democratic revival, or a popular revolution, must occur within the next twelve months to change those figures for the better to the Democratic party.

What shape can that new movement take? *Hic labor, hoc opus est!*

"As at present advised," to employ a recent Bryanic locution, the way out for the Democratic party—or, better, the way *in*—is for the really Democratic people of the States to send really Democratic delegates to the next national convention of their party, charged to make a truly Jeffersonian declaration of principles applying to present political conditions and that, with a representa-

tive ticket standing on the platform, will draw to the party that great majority of voters in the Republic who do not believe in the vertebrate dictrines of the Republican party and do not approve the past practices of its leaders.

Cullom vs. Harriman.

Senator Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois, although a long resident of that State and for several terms one of its Senators in Congress, is yet a sturdy, blunt and personally honest scion of Old Kentucky.

Recently he was at the White House and in a talk with President Roosevelt said of Edward H. Harriman and his Chicago and Alton Railroad deal and steal, "That man ought to be in the penitentiary!"

It is not recorded what answer the

SENATOR SHELBY M. COLLUM.

Who had the courage to tell President Roosevelt that Edward H. Harriman should be put in a penitentiary—but Mr. Harriman is not in one yet.

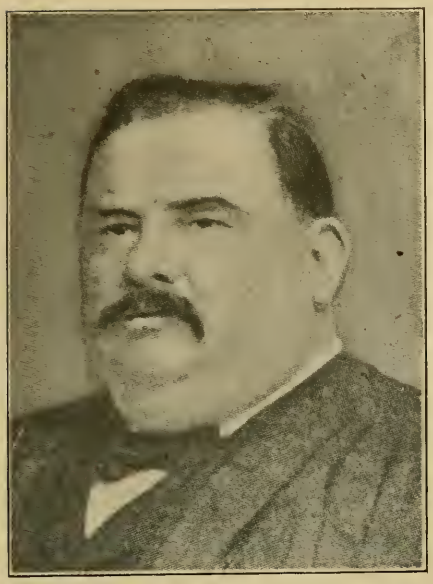
Bart. in Minneapolis Journal.

THE RAILROAD WATER-BOY.

President made to the statement but when Mr. Harriman heard it repeated he remarked, with a smile that was child-like and bland, *"The Senator must have been drunk!"* Which commentary may easily be regarded as a sinister slam at the Bourbon heredity of the venerable statesman from Springfield.

Nevertheless, the majority of the press and people of the country have applauded the judgment of Senator Cullom. It is very clear to millions of good citizens that the criminal jurisprudence of the United States is vitally defective when such public robberies are possible as the Chicago and Alton transaction was and there is no possible legal punishment for the highwaymen who perpetrate them.

President Roosevelt announces his intention to personally search the entire record of Harriman's testimony before the Inter-State Commerce Commission and consult Attorney General Bonaparte as to what available course the Federal Government has open to it for prosecuting and punishing Harriman and other equally guilty violators of the laws of the land. It is greatly hoped in many quarters that statutes may be discovered that will enable Senator Cullom's suggestion to be executed.



JUSTICE JAMES FITZGERALD.

Who presided over the trial of Thaw and whose impartiality and fairness in charging the jury have been generally applauded by the press of the nation and of Europe.

The Thaw Trial Failure.

The jury in the Thaw case failed to agree upon a verdict and was discharged by Justice Fitzgerald. An able commission of legal and medical experts, during a suspension of the trial, found that Thaw is now sane and able to counsel for himself with his attorneys. The jury stood seven for murder in the first degree, carrying the death penalty, and five for acquittal on the ground of insanity, carrying impliedly the commital of the defendant to an asylum for the insane.

Justice Fitzgerald, who presided over the trial, appears to have found approval in the press and in the public mind for the fairness of his rulings and especially for the calm, comprehensive and lucid charge that he made to the jury concerning the law applicable in the case.

Delphin Delmas, the famous California criminal lawyer who led the defense for Thaw, made a magnificent appeal in behalf of his client, justifying the killing of Stanford White and accrediting it to the feeling that he newly-named "dementia Americana"—in other words the peculiar American man's feeling of divine right to kill whoever assaults the person or virtuous integrity of the women who are his wards.

The jury, however, refused from the start to consider Thaw as a fit representative of that class of Americans who may be deemed justifiable for the sudden heat of passion that leads to the slaying of a seducer or corrupter of one's women folk. The plain, unimpeached testimony that he and Evelyn Nesbit sustained the relation of paramours for many months prior to their marriage, boldly showing their shameful liason on two continents, and that Thaw killed White in jealous rage over the real or fancied efforts of the latter to regain favor with Thaw's wife, led the jurors to cut him off from all escape by the "dementia Americana" route.

In one respect, at least, Thaw seems to have had, and yet has, a better instinctive idea of his true line of defence than any of his counsel. Thaw insists that his plea should be the story of his wife's seduction by White, her reformation upon her marriage to himself, her pursuit of a faithful, wifely life up to the discovery that White was again pursuing her, and his then right to defend her even at the cost of White's death at his hands. On that line, in a second trial, if skilfully defended, Thaw may possibly obtain an acquittal.

The California Crusade.

California has produced another millionaire than William Randolph Hearst who is willing to spend his time and money in pursuing and punishing public rascals.

For many years San Francisco has rejoiced in the infamy of being "the widest-open" town in the world and the metropolis of every form of materialism and meanness that human ingenuity has invented. It has been emphatically "Godless," pluperfectly sensual and riotously licentious. But in political matters it has exceeded in wickedness all its other sins, for political corruption has supplied the licenses for its other excesses.

One Abe Ruef, a police court lawyer originally, has been the recognized "boss" of the city government since Eugene E. Schmitz was elected some years ago as the Socialist mayor of the city. Socialism is the shibboleth of the legions of discontent in the Golden Gate city, the sand-lotters and the special graft looters. Ruef has been the king bee of the official hive, although no official himself. Anybody or any corporation desiring permission to do deviltry or pull off jobs to rob the public, and needing official recognition for the same, went to Ruef, and when he was officially "seen" and then had "saw" the requisitioned officials to their satisfaction, any old deal proposed went through with the smoothness of an oiled eel through a greased sewer-pipe.

RUDOLPH SPRECKELS.

A young San Francisco Sugar Trust millionaire who has turned Grafter-Chaser and has brought Boss Abe Ruef to the bar of justice.

Prize-fight trust, trolley franchise grabbers, telephone toll stretchers, opium jointists—everybody who had money with which to buy dishonest acts from corrupt officials were having a very carnival of successes, when young Rudolph Spreckels, a millionaire of the city, determined to put a stop to the disgraceful official orgy, hunt Ruef down and send him and his coparceners to prison, and so purify the city government. Indictments were found by a splendidly manned grand jury against Ruef, Mayor Schmitz, the Supervisors and other officials, and now Ruef has been brought to bar and is fighting desperately to keep from going behind the prison gratings. Ruef is popularly described as "The Worst Man in the United States" and it will be a triumph for young Spreckels and his civic honor, for municipal purity and for American governmental methods generally if the whole boodle crew of San Francisco shall finally be harnessed to jobs in the California penitentiary. And let us hope the result will bring an end to municipal Socialism in America, also.

A Land-Looter at Bay.

The trial of Binger Hermann, late Commissioner of the United States General Land Office, is proceeding in

"HE WANTED THE EARTH."

Ex-Land Commissioner Binger Hermann, who is on trial in the United States Courts of the District of Columbia for using his office to aid Government land thieves.

Washington City. He is charged with using his office to promote fraudulent entries of government lands in the West and profiting personally by such criminal acts.

Hermann was born in Maryland over sixty-four years ago, and removed to Oregon about the close of the Civil War. He became a lawyer, was elected to the Oregon legislature, and has been an office holder almost continuously for forty years and has served as a congressman for terms aggregating sixteen years, ending with the late congress that expired March 4th last.

He is accused of being the aider and abettor in office of that gang of public land looters of which the late United States Senator John Hipple Mitchell was the most conspicuous member, and who was under penitentiary sentence at the time of his death something over a year ago.

The land frauds in the Western States have been monumental as to the amounts of the public domain unlawfully seized by the freebooters, who controlled land office officials and defied the laws. Broad areas, greater and richer than many European principalities have been taken possession of by the schemers. Like appropriations in other lands might have provoked the people to war, but in this broad republic, under Republican misrule, the stealing of enough land to make several States of the size of Rhode Island has not seemed an unusual use of party privileges by party servants.

Hermann is trying to escape the toils of the law thrown about him by that stern old incorruptible Secretary of the Interior, Ethan Allen Hitchcock, whom the thieves have driven from office. Hermann may be convicted, but—it is doubtful, and he has the President and the party to depend upon for clemency and freedom.

The Case of Cuba.

Secretary Taft, our "Gabriel of Good Will" and purveyor of administration soothing syrup to national provincials and wards, has been down in Cuba to assure the people of that alleged "Free Republic" that on the 4th of July, 1909, or some other old time in the dim and undiscovered future, Uncle Sam will turn loose his fat receivership of their island nation and permit them to play once more at the game of self-government.

It is at least noteworthy that Secretary Taft postpones our second American evacuation until four months after the inauguration of our next president. Either he anticipates that

"THE MONARCH OF CUBA."

Judge Magoon, our American Governor of Cuba, who is exercising suzerain powers over a people whom we once resolved "are and of right ought to be free and independent."

he may be that personage himself, or that another Republican or a Democrat will be taxed with the unsolved problem "What shall we do with Cuba?"

Privately, Secretary Taft thinks with millions of our own people and millions of foreigners in Europe and South America that the finale of these Cuban monkey-shines between us and the Islanders will be the permanent annexation of Cuba to our domain.

Meantime, it seems necessary both to us and the Cubans, and to that "decent regard for the opinions of mankind" that we have always boasted since July 4, 1776, that all Cuban efforts in self-government should prove abortive and the interests of *foreigners in Cuba* should compel international acquiescence in our present masked policy to make the island our own.

Governor Magoon is to be continued at the head of Cuban affairs and is to be given a "standing army" of 12,000 to maintain the public order and chase the rural ladrones through the manigua. The pantomimic "statesmen of Cuba" will continue to draw preposterous salaries for perfunctory labors, while the insurgent ex-generals will twiddle their pocket-fans and wiggle their legs in the Havanese cafes awaiting, like Mantilini, for "something to turn up!"

A New Era in Persia.

The late Shah of Persia was not the most wholesome sovereign to come visiting among civilized peoples, as European monarchs learned to their cost and disgust. But he was an observing old bird, and while traipsing over Europe with his harem and his pig-broilers, he picked up many modern ideas and educated his foresightedness tremendously.

In his last days in Teheran he developed a genuine and liberal "constitution" for his nation, and under it established parliamentary legislation and many grateful, revivifying reforms for his people, so that now, under his enlightened and progressive son and successor, Persia can no longer be classified among the "dying nations."

Among the good things of modern phase and prophesy that Persia was given are the following:

"The late Shah abolished the tax on meat and grain, wiping out a large fraction of the royal perquisites, but taking a crushing load off the people's necks. He carried out the terms of the proclamation, issued by his father shortly before his assassination, granting freedom and security of the per-

MOHAMMED ALI MERZA.

The new Shah of Persia. He is modern and progressive and is expected to continue and extend the reforms instituted by his father, thereby bringing Persia speedily out of the ranks of "the dying nations."

son and property, including the right of association in industrial and commercial enterprises. He broke the power of the Kurds, whose raids had been the curse of Northern Persia for centuries. He maintained the supremacy of the civil power over the mullahs, and, all fantastic reports to the contrary notwithstanding, he declined to practice polygamy."

The new Shah assures the world that he will take no backward step in the march of the new era started by his father. Assured of non-interference from England or Russia, he hopes to build his country into one of the great and progressive empires of the newer Asia.

An Anglo American.

A conference of the premiers of the British self-governing colonies is now going on in London, including Sir Wilfrid Laurier of Canada, and "Dr. Jim," of "Jameson raid" fame in the Transvaal, who is now the premier of Cape Colony.

But one of the most interesting figures who is privileged to sit at the board where imperial federated interests are being discussed is Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, Under Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Winston Churchill is the eldest son of that brilliant and untimely deceased British statesman, Lord Randolph Churchill, and of Miss Jerome, of New York, who married Lord Randolph and contributed by her American spirit and cleverness to her husband's rapid advancement in English politics.

Young Churchill early developed in school extraordinary powers of oratory, was brilliant as a writer, and bold in the defense of any position he might take.

ENGLAND'S BOY STATESMAN.

Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, whose mother is an American and whose rise in British politics has been phenominal.

THE OBLIGING MR. CORTELYOU.

Who keeps Uncle Sam's store where the people's money is handled as a commodity and loaned to Bankers only without security or interest.

At twenty years of age he entered the army and served busily in India. In the middle of the '90's, while on leave, he served with Spanish troops in Cuba and was awarded a Spanish order of military merit. In 1897 he returned to India and fought in the Malakand Field Force, and concerning that campaign wrote a brilliant book. He served in Egypt with Lord Kitchener, and in the South African war he made a world-wide reputation as a war correspondent and free lance fighter.

On his return to England he entered parliament, attracted attention by his forceful speeches on colonial problems, and soon was advanced to his present official post. This young half-English-American will keep the colonial premiers busy with his interrogatories.

The Sham Panic.

The recent so-called panic in Wall street has left but few real wrecks along its track, because it was a juggling affair from the start. The stocks remain and are worth as much real money as they ever were. If they are not quoted so high in the stock exchange list as they were prior to the panic, it is because the public have found out the real value of them and are not bidding more than they are worth.

The duplicity of the men who engineered the slump and probably made

millions by it is shown in the ease with which they were enabled to obtain from Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou the money that the people at large are refusing to pour into "the street." He went down into Uncle Sam's coffers and took the people's public reserve funds and current taxes and shoveled them out to the bankers, who loaned them promptly at speculative prices to the stock gamblers and railway plunderbund of the country.

Our special artist gives our readers a striking picture of "how it happens" when the bankers and gamblers get in a pinch and sprint into the National Treasury to get the money to keep their game going. It ought to be educative to the plain citizens to study such a picture and to know that it is not overdrawn. The lawless and indefensible custom of our Secretaries of the Treasury in making Uncle Sam "the angel" of the Wall street financial fan-tan players is one of the most amazing of the evils the people tolerate. In private fiduciary life such acts would be called "criminal conversion" and the perpetrator be likely to become the inmate of a felon's cell.

The Orphan Governor.

Edward Everett Hale will be longest remembered by millions of people because of his pathetic portrait of "Philip Nolan," who was "The Man Without a Country." Now comes Governor Hughes, of New York, before the public eye as "the Orphan Governor," the governor without a party, since the Republican majority in the New York State Assembly has ruthlessly mangled, slaughtered, or hung up the chiefest measures that he purposed it should pass during his administration.

The greatest of his measures is the Public Utilities bill, by which he would create a commission with plenary power to make rulings for the conduct of public service corporations and to enforce them pending a judgment of the courts upon any contested rule or regulation. The corporations, as they did when Congress was passing the railroad rate bill, contend for a "broad court review" provision in the bill. But Governor Hughes replies that such a provision would make the court of last resort the real Public Utilities Commission, while the legally constituted body would be reduced to a board to take evidence and make recommendations, to be suspended ad interim and finally approved or rejected by the Court of Appeals.

Governor Hughes says Ryan, Belmont, Mellen, and the rest of the gang, do not fear the loss of what they ought to have, but of what they take when they should not. He appeals to the people of New York to stand by him and demand of the legislature the enactment of the measure as he has explained and justified it.

It is this man that Bird Coler, the Hearst president of Brooklyn borough, is reported as favoring for the Democratic nomination for vice-president on a ticket with Bryan in 1908.

The Gordon Statue.

We had hoped to have for these pages an illustration of the fine bronze equestrian statue of the late General John B. Gordon, which is to be erected on the State capitol grounds in Atlanta and unveiled on the 25th of May. The photograph from the artist's studio has not reached us, but we will have it for our June issue.

The State of Georgia and General Gordon's old Confederate comrades, and admirers in all sections of the Nation, have contributed to raise this noble tribute to the heroic soldier, who was "the right hand of Lee," and whose services in the field, on the forum, in the capitols of the State and the nation, endeared him to so many hearts.

General Gordon will be remembered in history as long as it is written and the story of the great Civil War in America is read by truth-seekers. He was a born soldier. His presence was splendid and his courage superb. He was tireless and fearless in battle. He wore to his grave historic scars that none ever forgot who scanned his martial features.

General Gordon was rewarded after the war with high civic honors. They were conferred as rewards from his otherwise impoverished fellow-citizens. He served in them with conspicuous loyalty and honor. But he was too sensitive and impulsive to become a statesman. He lacked the studiousness of a constitutional craftsman, the patience and persistency of a reformer, and the plegmatism of the diplomat or philosopher.

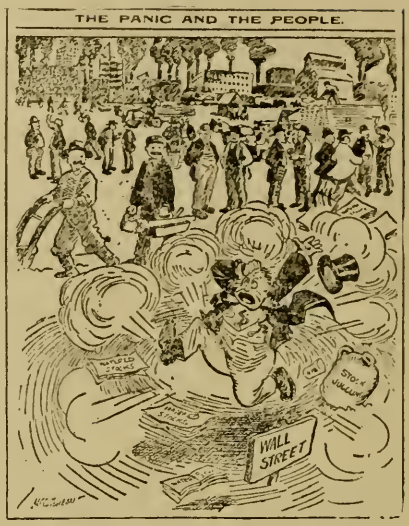
He did much to restore fraternity between the sections and he will always be no more famous for fighting than for forgiving.

Which Hand Will Win?

One of our special cartoons this issue presents the bejeweled hand of a

Handy in the Duluth Tribune.

R. R. MAGNATE—"I'LL PUT ON THIS PANIC AND HARD TIMES MASK AND SCARE HIM SO THAT HE WILL DROP THOSE BILLS AGAINST US."



McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune.

THE PEOPLE HAD NO HOLLER TO MAKE.

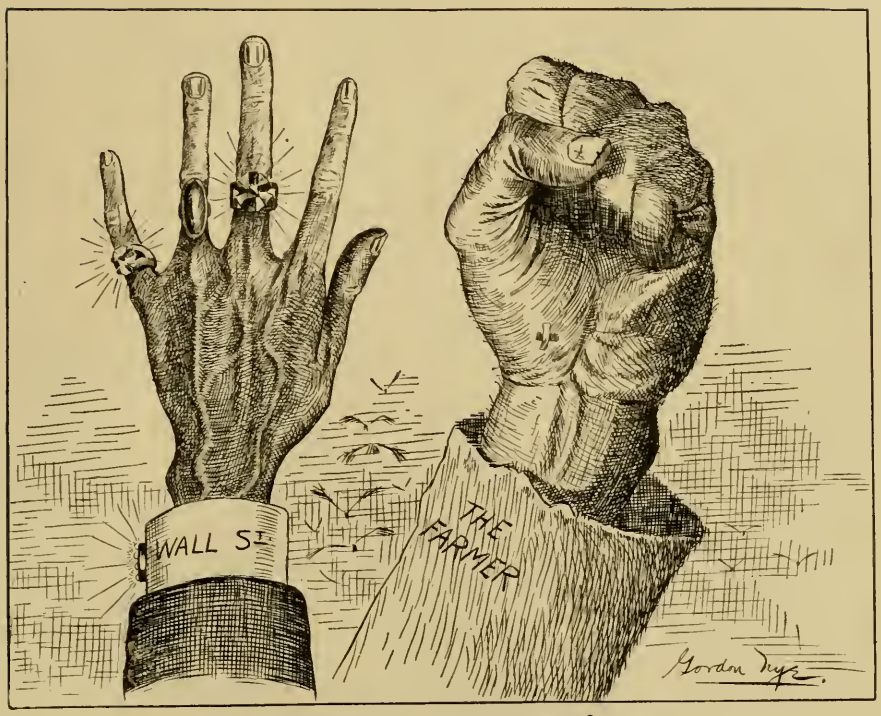
Wall street financial fakir contrasted with the brawny fist of a farmer. It is easy to distinguish the maniple of the phlebotomist from that of the producer—the creator of real wealth out of the substance and forces of provident Nature.

In any fair contest for the care and co-operation of a democratic-republican form of government, which of those hands should win?

The financial world is comparatively a small population, but its community of interests is organized, skilfully controlled and made powerful beyond measure by co-operation and concentration of effort. For that reason the lion's share of privileges and wealth has gone to the co-operative union of American plutocrats for many years.

But once more the farmers of the nation are making strong efforts to unite their interests and labors, to the end that they may be able to demand and enforce their rights in the functions of government, county, state and national.

The Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union, under competent



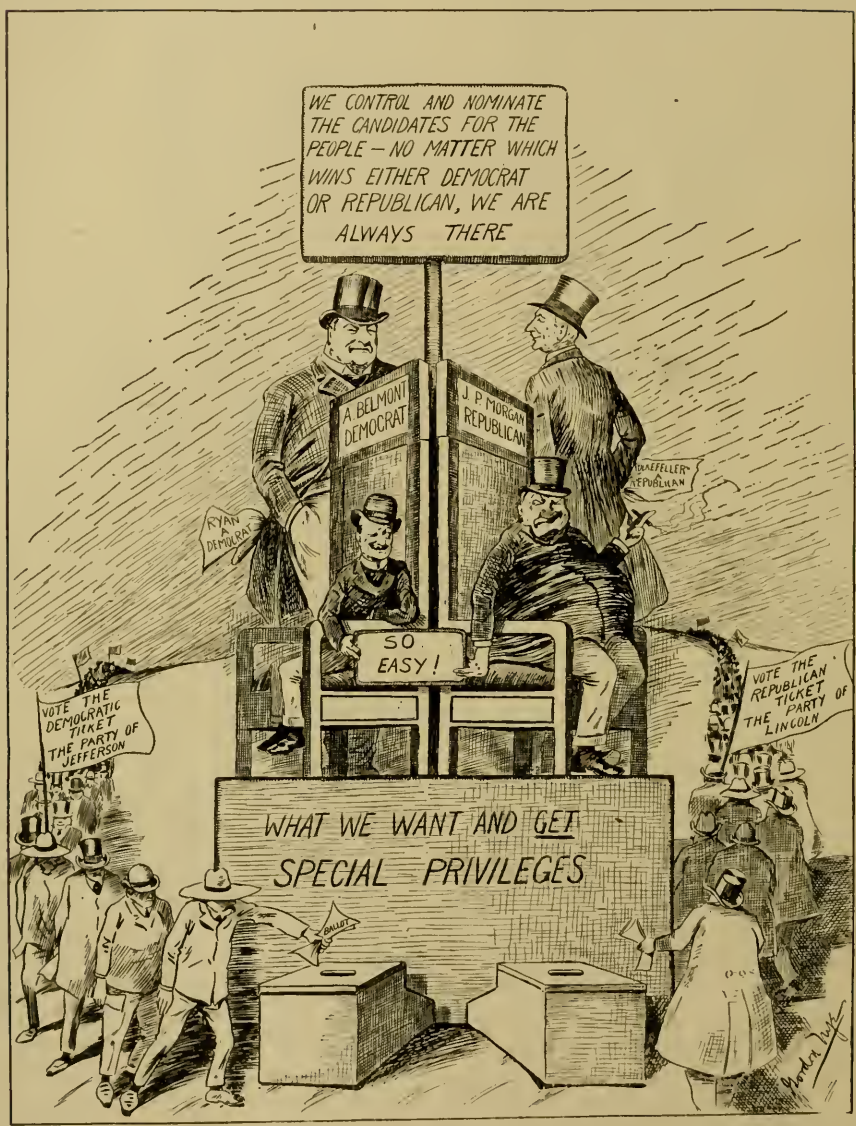
WHICH HAND SHOULD WIN?

and aggressive leadership, is formed and growing in many States of the nation. Already it has strong membership in nearly every Southern State. During April a State Union was formed in Missouri and in May there will be a great convention of farmers in Kansas to establish a State Union. Farther West, in Washington and Oregon, the national officers are being called upon to extend the Union. Within the year it is expectable that the organization will have been established in every State from Maine to California.

The Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union is not a political organization *per se*, but in the course of its educational and protective work the members will find frequent occasions to take their knowledge and principles to the polls and demand recognition by the politicians and their parties.

Already the Unionists in Mississippi are moving to prefer candidates for the General Assembly of their State who will commit themselves prior to the election to the objects in government sought by the Union. It is not improbable that the next legislature in that commonwealth will be dominated by the farmer members and that the election of Governor Vardaman to the United States Senate will be one of the happy events they will produce. Governor Vardaman has a fist—not a finger-ring hand!

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In this issue will be found an appreciation of "Bryan as a Man," by Hon. Thos. H. Tibbles, which will prove interesting to the admirers of "The Commoner." In the June issue will appear a sketch of Hon. William Randolph Hearst, by an intimate writer, who will reveal a man of power, humanity and patriotism.



Drawn by Gordon Nye for Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine.

THE CAPITALISTIC ELECTORAL GAME OF "HEADS WE WIN AND TAILS—THE PEOPLE LOSE!"

The Ancients and the Moderns.

A Comparison—Lecture Before the Cheraw Lyceum, North Carolina, June 2, 1876, by Gov. B. F. Perry.

The Lyceum.

THE Lyceum was first established by Aristotle, in the shady groves of Illissis, near the city of Athens. There the young men of Greece assembled to hear the stagarile discourses on Philosophy, in all its branches, comprising Ethics, Logic, Politics, Natural History, Astronomy and Religion.

The Ancients and Moderns.

The subject of my lecture this evening, gentlemen, will be a comparison between "The Ancients and the Moderns," in literature, science, and the æsthetic arts; religion, philosophy, government, and useful improvements, manners and customs. In selecting so wide a range for my discourse, I must necessarily be brief in all my comparisons, and my lecture will hence be most imperfect. It would require volumes instead of a lecture, to do justice to this great subject. Moreover, it would require vastly more of learning and research than I possess to handle the subject properly. But whilst a general outline is much easier, and requires less learning than a full and minute comparison, it may likewise be more interesting to my hearers.

What is "ancient" and what is "modern" might be an embarrassing division, if we accepted the new theory of evolution and progressive development, which teaches that this world has existed for countless millions of ages, and that man is the descendant of the monkey, and the monkey again the descendant, through many changes, of a still inferior species of creation. But I will not dive into this strange and dark mystery, promulgated by these modern scientists, for my divisions between the ancients and the moderns. I prefer the historical classification, which sets down Egypt, Africa, Greece, Rome, Persia, China and Hindoostan as ancients, and the present kingdoms of Europe and the Republics of America as modern.

The existence of man on this earth I will not undertake to solve. Whether he has been here six thousand years, or six hundred thousand, I will not pretend to say. But geneological history, which cannot lie, teaches us that this earth has existed centuries beyond our historical era, and that birds and animals did then exist on the earth. Their foot-prints are still visible.

Human Nature the Same in All Ages.

History teaches us that man, so far back as we can trace him, in ancient times, has been the same creature that he is now, in shape and form, as well as in intellect and passions. War, religion and love have been his grand characteristics in all ages and countries, whether savage or civilized. In this respect there is no difference between the ancients and moderns, or between civilization and barbarism. Fighting, praying, and making love, have gone and will go on to the end of man's existence, unless the theory

of gradual development is true, and he becomes, in the course of time, a higher and better order of being, more noble and more wise, less revengeful and less excitable. It is remarkable that notwithstanding Christianity and the higher civilization of modern times, man's passion for war has not subsided. The religion of Christ teaches peace and good will on earth to all mankind. Almost all the civilized nations of modern times have adopted the holy faith and precepts of Christianity, and yet they seem as eager to go to war and destroy each other as the heathen and barbarian did in the remotest antiquity. How is this to be accounted for, except on the ground that man's nature is the same that it always has been, as well as his shape and form of being? Neither Christianity nor a higher order of civilization has been able to alter or change it.

But although human nature is and always has been the same, yet there are no two persons, in the countless millions who have lived on this globe, who were exactly alike, mentally, morally and physically. There are shades and marked differences between them. And so it has been with the nations of the earth. The Romans, Grecians, Egyptians and Persians were very unlike in many of their national traits of character. So, too, with the modern nations of Europe, Asia, Africa and America. There are noticeable traits of distinction between the French and English, between the Germans and Russians, and between the Italians and Spaniards.

Sculpture.

In all the æsthetic arts, the ancient Hellenes or Grecians were greatly superior to any modern nation. They had more genius, more taste, and a greater love of the beautiful in nature. Modern sculpture, with all the influences of a purer religion and higher civilization, is not equal to the divine statuary of Phidias, Praxitiles and Cleomanes. The Olympian Jupiter, and the Athena or Minerva of Phidias surpassed all statues of ancient or modern art in grace, beauty, purity and grandeur. The latter was carved in gold and ivory. The statue of the Cuidion Aphrodite or Venus by Praxitiles, was never equaled in representing the softer beauties of the human form, and was a masterpiece of the sensual charms. The statue of Venus de Medici was the work of Cleomenes, at a later period of Grecian history. This great work of genius, so celebrated for its beauty and symmetry in marble, has come down to modern times, and speaks for itself. But the Olympian Jupiter, and Athena of Phidias are lost, as well as the Aphrodite of Praxitiles. But some of their sculpture has been preserved, and enough to show their wonderful genius.

Painting.

In painting, the Grecian Appelles stands unrivalled in history as an artist. His magnificent representation of Venus rising from the foam of the sea, was the admiration of both the Grecian and Roman world. It came into the possession of Augustus Cæsar and was destroyed by time and exposure. His likeness of Alexander the Great, holding a thunderbolt in his hand, sold for two hundred thousand dollars. The Romans seemed to have been deficient in this beautiful art, and produced no great painter.

Poetry.

In poetry, the Grecians again are fairly entitled to superiority over the moderns. Homer stands prominent as an epic poet. Neither Virgil, Milton nor Dante can approach him in grandeur and sublimity. His existence is a myth, and his poems a learned prodigy. He is supposed to have lived eight hundred or a thousand years before the birth of Christ. There is a doubt with some learned antiquarians whether the Grecians

had even a written language during the Homeric era. And yet his language is artistic, beautiful annd perfect. It is wonderful that the Illiad and Odyssey should have been the production of so remote a period, and of a people so uncultivated as the Grecians then were. It proves that poetical genius requires no adventitious circumstances to immortalize itself. This was shown again in modern times by the Ayrshire ploughman. All the mighty geniuses who have succeeded Homer through the highest civilization and the most polished and refined ages for three thousand years have never been able to equal him in an epic or heroic poem. No one who reads Homer in English can form a just idea of his versification and beauty and grandeur of his thoughts. The fire and sublimity of his genius are lost in a translation.

The Drama.

The drama, too, was carried to its highest perfection in Athens, four or five hundred years after Homer, by Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. No dramatic poets of modern times have ever surpassed them.. Shakespeare, Corneille and Racine may be compared to them, but in the artistic perfection of the drama were not their equals. But, as the great master of human nature and human passions. Shakespeare was greatly their superior. His dramas and the Bible are the best books anyone can read.

It is remarkable that although the Grecians brought the drama to perfection so far as language and artistic skill were concerned, yet they never thought of introducing female actresses on the stage. This great improvement of the theatre was not made by the moderns till the reign of Charles the Second of England. Whilst *bearded* men were performing the parts of queens, princesses and ladies, just after the marriage of Charles to Catharine of Braganza, a good theatrical joke was told, which may have suggested the change. The Portugal princess brought with her to England a long train of attendants and amongst them one who was styled "the Queen's Barber." What his specialty was, excited some curiosity amongst the gay courtiers. One night at the theatre there was a great delay in the commencement of the performance. The audience became impatient and made strong demonstrations. A manager came forward and begged them to be patient as the delay was occasioned by having to shave the queen before she would make her appearance on the boards.

By the introduction of females on the stage the moderns have achieved a great advantage over the ancients. In fact, this now gives the theatre its greatest attraction. How repugnant to our feelings would it be to see the parts of Juliet and Ophelia acted by the male sex. It would in a great measure destroy our interest in those plays.

Orators.

In oratory, the ancients had Demosthenes and Cicero, who have never been equaled by the moderns. It is needless to say that the orations of Demosthenes are perfect in the original. They are susceptible of no improvement in language, reasoning or eloquence. Edmund Burke's speeches are more brilliant and Chatham's more ostentatious, but they both lack the beauty, simplicity, and power of Demosthenes. Sir James Mackintosh has said that Charles James Fox "was the most Demosthenean speaker since Demosthenes. He certainly possessed above all moderns that union of reason, simplicity and vehemence which formed the prince of orators." Cicero was a very different orator from Demosthenes, as different as the Romans were from the Grecians. Demosthenes was purely intellectual, whilst Cicero was beautiful and ornate. The mind of the one was full of genius, and that of the other filled

with learning and philosophy. Mr. Calhoun was an illustration of the Grecian, and Edward Everett of the Roman. Great orators must have great occasions to call forth their eloquence. These occurrences have produced them in France, England and America, but none equal to Demosthenes and Cicero.

Historians.

In the department of History, the moderns have no wish to equal Herodotus and Plutarch in interest and beauty, or Thucydides in philosophical terseness and perfection of style. Hume and Voltaire may approach in some measure in style, and Gibbon, Robertson, Bancroft, Motley and Prescott, may equal in research and accuracy, but they are all still inferior. Grote's history of Greece is the greatest history of modern times, and deserves to have been written by a Grecian instead of an English banker. He was the prince of Democrats, and most nobly has he defended the Democracy of Athens. Xenophon, Polybius, Livy and Tacitus, are histories of great merit, but have been equaled by the moderns.

Military Heroes.

In war, the heroic courage displayed by the Grecians at Thermopylæ, Marathon, Platæ and Salamis, cannot be surpassed. But it is impossible to award the palm of courage to ancients or moderns, where both have shown, in thousands of battles, the highest courage of which man is capable. For centuries Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar were regarded as the greatest generals the world had ever produced. In the eighteenth century, the French Revolution produced a greater than either of them, in Napoleon Bonaparte. Alexander and Cæsar conquered half-civilized and effete nations. Napoleon subdued, with greatly inferior forces, the most civilized and warlike kingdoms and empires of Europe. He was still greater in statesmanship than either the Grecian or Roman. It is hard to believe that a greater intellect than Napoleon Bonaparte's was ever embodied in man. But his character was altogether imperfect. He was not only selfish and ambitious, but he regarded nothing in morals, religion, or justice, which stood in the way of his success. How totally different, in this respect, were Washington, William, Prince of Orange, and General Lee of the Confederate army. In all history, ancient or modern, three nobler characters cannot be produced. They were grand in all the moral, intellectual and patriotic elements of greatness, as well as in the science of war.

Physical Science.

In Physical Science and the mechanical arts, the moderns are greatly superior to the ancients. The Grecians, Romans, Egyptians and all the nations of antiquity were totally ignorant of the true planetary system. They believed that the earth stood in the centre of the world, and that the sun and planets revolved around it. This belief was universal till the fifteenth century, when Copernicus first promulgated the true theory, that the sun was in the centre of our system; that the earth, revolving on its axis daily, went round the sun once in twelve months. This theory was so startling, that even in the next century, Gallileo was arraigned before the Pontifical authorities in Rome for teaching it, and made to swear on his bended knees that he would no more promulgate such heretical doctrines. But on rising up, he could not resist saying in an undertone, "E pur si muore"—it moves for all that.

The telescope is a modern invention, and was wholly unknown to the ancient astronomers. The Chaldeans, Egyptians, Assyrians and all the Eastern nations were very much given to the study of astronomy and observing all the signs of the heavens.

They slept on the tops of their houses and contemplated the stars. They studied the course of the planets and gave them names. But what progress could the wisest of them make in this sublime science without the modern telescope? With this great instrument the moderns have discovered new planets and even told where planets should be before they were seen. We now know certainly that the fixed stars, which the ancients regarded as very small bodies compared to the sun and moon, are larger than the sun, and are illuminating other worlds, as our sun illuminates this world. The comets, whose appearance filled the ancients with awe and great terror, are now well understood and their returns calculated with certainty. By means of the spectroscope, another wonderful invention of recent time, we are enabled to tell the substances of all the heavenly bodies by their light. The sun, instead of being a flame or gaseous light, is found to be a substance not very dissimilar to the earth.

Philosophy.

In philosophy or metaphysics, as distinct from science, the Grecians were far ahead of all their contemporaries. Their most illustrious names adorn this branch of human learning. Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, besides a host of others, were teachers of philosophy and morals at Athens. But how inferior were they all to the moderns in morals. In this respect, Christianity has given the moderns their great superiority over the ancient heathens. Socrates, who taught the immortality of the soul, laid down rules for the successful seduction of women. Aristotle, the greatest intellect of antiquity, inculcated the doctrine that it was right to practice infanticide where the parents were poor and unable to support their offspring. Plato, in his Republic, boldly proclaims a community of wives as a fundamental law of the state. The bare mention of such doctrines which were prevalent in Greece and Rome, the most highly cultivated and intellectual of the ancients, must shock modern humanity and refinement. In Sparta, the public authorities took charge of the unnatural and horrible crime of infanticide, and relieved the parents of murdering their own children by doing it themselves. Where there was any parental feeling left, the infant might appeal to an emotion in the breast of a stranger which was lost in the parent.

How much better would it have been for the legislators of Greece and Rome to have enacted the Turkish law which requires the parties to show that they are able to support their offspring before they are allowed to marry. Indeed there is great wisdom and humanity in such a law, and it would prevent untold misery and wretchedness. No doubt it would be a very unpopular one with the thoughtless and reckless young men and women everywhere.

Navigation.

The mariner's compass was unknown to the Grecians, Romans, Carthagenians and Phœnicians, who were the most enterprising and successful navigators of the ocean. Their voyages were short, and pretty much confined to the Mediterranean and Red Seas and the coasts of Europe and Africa. Herodotus, however, mentions a voyage around the whole continent of Africa which did not gain credence. These navigators stated one fact which proves that their voyage may have been made, and which satisfied the Grecians that the whole story was a fable. They said they sailed till the sun appeared in the north! This, of course, was the case as soon as they crossed the line. When the magnetic needle was first used is unknown to the world. The honor has been claimed for Floria Groja about the beginning of the fourteenth century. But it is

certain that something of the kind was known to the Chinese long anterior to that period. Although the properties and uses of the magnet have been known for centuries throughout the civilized world, its attraction, like gravitation, is still a mystery, and perhaps will remain so forever.

Literature.

The ancients had great difficulties to encounter and overcome in literature. Their books were all copied with a pen. The art of printing was unknown to them. It is most remarkable that this great invention, and so necessary to literary people, should not have been made by the Grecians and Romans. That a people so full of genius and intellect, so distinguished for their invention and love of the fine arts as the Athenians were, should have failed to make this discovery, is indeed most wonderful and unaccountable. Seals and signets and stamps were not only in use amongst the Grecians and Romans, but amongst the Assyrians, Egyptians and Hebrews. Even their bricks were impressed with characters stamped in clay, and yet they never thought of copying these characters. It would seem that the labor and expense of copying so many books as were then in use, would have insured the invention of printing by movable type. Necessity, it is said, is the mother of invention. When the Southern planters began to grow cotton, their first thought was to invent some machinery for separating the seed from the lint, without this, cotton was of little value. Mrs. General Green suggested to Mr. Forsyth, of Georgia, who was on a visit to her, and was lamenting the difficulty of getting the cotton-lint separated from the seed, that there was in her house a very ingenious young man, who could perhaps invent some machine for that purpose. Whitney was called, and he immediately set to work and made the cotton-gin.

The Chinese, from their earliest history, did print books on engraved blocks, but it was reserved for the fifteenth century to make this most important invention of printing with movable type. Coster, a citizen of Haarlem, in Holland, first used movable type made of wood, tin and lead, in 1423. Faust, in 1450, used metallic type, cast in plaster moulds. The libraries of the ancients, when all their books had to be copied with a pen, must have been very limited. This is pretty well proven by the private libraries found in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The expense and labor of copying books before printing was discovered, may have had the good effect of preventing so many trifling works being thrown on the public, as the moderns have every month, week and day in the year.

The ancients did not have that pleasure which the moderns enjoy so much, of reading the daily newspapers every morning containing the stirring events of the preceding day all over the world. The Romans had a sort of substitute for our newspapers in their *acta diurna,* which were daily written reports of public occurrences. The English had, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, something of the kind, in written "News Letters," ballads and pamphlets, furnished the court and aristocracy. But the first printed newspaper was published in Germany in 1662. There was one published in Italy about the same time. Who can estimate the thousands now published all over the world, or the enjoyment they afford the reading community in every civilized nation? The newspaper in modern times, by making information general, has destroyed, in a great measure, the power and influence of the ancient orator, in swaying for good or evil, the masses of his fellow-citizens.

Inventions and Discoveries.

It is likewise surprising that the utilization of steam was not discovered by the ancients. The power of steam must have been known to them; they saw it in boiling their daily food, but they never attempted to use it in any way. This was not done by the moderns with all their science and learning till the eighteenth century. The application of steam to navigation, railroads and the mechanic arts, has revolutionized the world in commerce, traveling and machinery. Our advantages over the ancients in this respect cannot be over-estimated; it enables us to go around this globe in eighty-five days. The commerce of the most distant nations can now be exchanged in a few weeks. The successful application of steam to navigation is due to an American, Robert Fulton, and the first railway projected in the world to be *exclusively* run by the steam engine was the Charleston and Hamburg railroad; when finished it was also the longest railway in the world.

That the Grecians and Romans should not have invented the electric telegraph as a means of communication is not so remarkable. The wonder is that it should ever have been invented at all. It would seem an impossibility for a circumstance happening in London to be transmitted across the Atlantic ocean in a few minutes and be known all over the world in a few hours. The consequence is, that the whole civilized world is made, as it were, one community. This, too, is an invention perfected by an American, Samuel Finley Breese Morse. It is certainly the most extraordinary invention that has ever been made, and the inventor has been honored and rewarded by every kingdom and empire in Europe. Franklin, another American citizen, had previously immortalized his name by drawing lightning from the clouds and making its properties familiar to science.

Gunpowder was unknown to the Grecians and Romans. The Hindoos are said to have used it in battle at a very early period, and by means of it to have repulsed Alexander the Great, but this is somewhat doubtful. The composition of gunpowder was first made known by Roger Bacon in 1270. He says, charcoal, sulphur and saltpetre when mixed and well pounded will produce an explosion, and was used for the amusement of children. But not till the fourteenth century was its uses as a powerful destructive in war generally made known. It may be a question whether it has not preserved more lives in battle than it has destroyed; certainly more combatants were killed in battle in ancient than in modern times, in proportion to the numbers engaged. The warriors in ancient times met in close combat and retreat was very difficult. In consequence of the use of cannons and small fire-arms the moderns are enabled to fight at a more respectful distance and can retreat when beaten. With the Grecians and Romans, and all ancient nations, physical strength had a great deal to do in gaining the victory; fire-arms put all upon an equality.

Medicine.

In the science of medicine the ancients were far behind the moderns, although they produced Hypocrates, Galen and Celsus, and made the healing art a science. Before their time medicine and superstition were united, and heathen priests were the doctors. During the dark ages, the Christian priest once more became a doctor, and professed to cure the body as well as the soul. At the same time the village barber was also the village surgeon. But the discoveries which have been made in medicine and its cognate sciences with the study of anatomy, which was neglected by the Grecians and Romans, and the discovery of the circulation of the blood in the human system,

have placed the modern practitioners immeasurably beyond the ancients. It is said that Aristotle came very near discovering the circulation of the blood. but it was left to be made two thousand years afterwards by an Englishman, Harvey.

Agriculture.

The Romans seem to have paid more attention to agriculture than any of the ancient nations. They devoted themselves to war and agriculture, whilst the Grecians paid more attention to architecture and commerce. Attica was a land of cities, towns, villages, houses, temples, monuments and statuary. The lands of the Romans were divided into very small farms. They were well manured, well cultivated, and very productive. Their great men, their generals and statesmen in the days of the Republic, were all farmers. Commerce they seemed to spurn as beneath the dignity of a Roman gentleman. Composting, and draining and irrigating were well understood and practiced. They wrote a great deal on agriculture, and the works of Cato, Varro, Virgil, Colamello, Pliny and others have come down to modern times. The Egyptians, too, must have been good agriculturists, or they could not have supported their very dense population. Greece derived from Egypt her knowledge of agriculture, as she did almost all of her early civilization. The lands of Egypt are said to have produced a hundred fold, and were the granary, in time of scarcity, for all the neighboring nations.

But the moderns are far ahead of the ancients in this most important of all branches of human industry. The improvements and discoveries in science and the mechanical arts have given them this superiority. All the implements of husbandry have been greatly improved, and labor-saving machines invented. It is said the Greeks left their agriculture in the hands of their slaves, and hence it did not flourish. The Romans, in the days of their conquests, pride and luxury, committed the same error, and their agriculture began to decline. Would it not be well for the Southern people to profit by their experience.

Architecture.

In architecture the ancients were superior to the moderns for the beauty, simplicity and grandeur of their public buildings. The Parthenon of Athens and Pantheon of Rome have never been equaled for their pure classic taste. For grandeur and massiveness the Pyramids of Egypt are still the wonder and admiration of the world, after an existence of certainly more than four or five thousand years. No people ever surpassed the Athenians in their taste for architecture. Their seemed to be something in their climate and soil, as well as in their race, which made them beautiful and refined, and lovers of beauty in nature and art. Their men and women were remarkable for their form, symmetry and spirituality. They were the models of their divine statuary. It is not surprising then that such a people should have been pre-eminent as architects, builders and sculptors.

Manners and Customs.

In manners and customs the ancients and moderns differed widely in many respects. We think we are greatly superior to them in this respect, and no doubt if they would rise up and be in existence once more they would be horrified at such an expression. There is perhaps no correct standard for judging of manners and customs, dress and fashions. Every people in their early history are characterized by simplicity, plain living, rough manners and homely dress. As they advance in civilization and wealth their manners become more refined, their mode of liv-

ing more luxurious, and their dress more costly. It was so in Greece and Rome, and it has been the same in England and America. The Grecians in the age of Pericles were as different from their ancestors in the time of Homer and Hesiod, as the English now are from the painted Britons whom Julius Cæsar conquered. It was well said a few years since at the annual celebration of the New England Society in New York, that if their plain ancestors could rise up and see the present fashions and luxuries of New England, especially of the ladies, they would disown them as their descendants.

The Love of Dress.

The love of the beautiful and graceful in dress, ornament and fashion, amongst the Grecian and Roman ladies in the days of their wealth and refinement, was not national, but natural to the sex in both ancient and modern times. There is no people, however rude and savage, amongst whom this feeling may not be discovered. Even in Africa, where there is no dress at all, the girls have their faces, arms and bodies tatooed to make them appear beautiful. This passion was well understood by the great moralist of England when he said, a school miss was just as proud of a new calico dress as the greatest orator was, after making an eloquent and successful speech before an applauding senate.

But this love of dress is not confined to one sex alone. Aristotle, whose genius pervaded all learning and science known to the ancients, and whose system of philosophy governed the world for fifteen hundred years, was a *little dandy*, always dressed in the extreme of fashion and fond of display. William Pinkney, of Maryland, one of the greatest lawyers, statesmen and orators that America ever produced, was always handsomely dressed and prided himself on his dress. So did Charles James Fox in his early life. But greatness is generally simple and cares for no ornament. This was the case with Socrates, who went barefooted in the streets of Athens, and scorned all display. Chief Justice Marshall and M. Calhoun, two of the greatest intellects that ever adorned the bench and senate, were not only plain in their dress, but remarkably simple and unaffected in their manners.

The Athenian ladies were distinguished for their taste in dress, as well as their grace, beauty and symmetry of form. They had the highest perfection of art, in writing the simple and the grand, free of all ostentation. This art they possessed even whilst the loom and cards and spinning-wheel were a part of their household furniture. Dr. Franklin, in writing to his sister in Boston, tells her that he had understood that she had grown to be a great beauty, and had become a great belle, and he was thinking of a suitable present to make her, and concluded that he would present her with a spinning-wheel and a pair of cards. He no doubt thought the beautiful and ornamental might be united with the useful in Boston as they had been in Athens.

Female Beauty.

Claudius Ælianus gives us the following description of Aspasia, a Grecian lady, who had the reputation of being the loveliest woman of her time, and who was endowed by nature with a mind still more beautiful than her beautiful person. "Her hair was auburn, and fell in slightly waving ringlets. She had large full eyes, a nose inclined to be aquiline, and small delicate ears. Nothing could be softer than her skin, and her complexion was fresh as a rose, on which account the Phocians called her Milto, or the blooming. Her ruddy lips opening, disclosed teeth whiter than snow. She moreover pos-

sessed the charm, on which Homer so often dwells in his descriptions of beautiful women, of small, well-formed ankles. Her voice was so full of music and sweetness, that those to whom she spoke imagined they heard the voice of syrens. To crown all, she was like Horace's Pyrrha *simplex munditis,* abhorring superfluous pomp of ornament." I remember having seen an Englishman's description of Aaron Burr's daughter, the lovely Theodosia, afterwards the wife of Govérnor Joseph Alston, of South Carolina, which equals in beauty this description of the fair Grecian, the spouse of Pericles.

We are told that in Attica the ladies kept up, for fourteen hundred years, a sort of Olympian contest for beauty. In modern times this contest among the ladies and fashionable belles of great cities is no doubt daily, instead of happening once in four years. There was a custom in Athens, which a portion of the ladies, no doubt, though benevolent, whilst others must have regarded it as unjust and absurd. In order to marry the homeless girls, who were dowerless, the pretty ones, as well as the ugly ones, were all put together in a spacious room, darkened, and the young men wishing to get married were allowed to go in and select their wives. Modern young ladies, whether beautiful or not, could no doubt rebel against this Grecian custom. The young men, to, might possibly object.

But there is a custom, in modern times, universal among princes, nobles, and the wealthier classes in Europe, and sometimes seen in the United States, which is no better than this Grecian custom. Young princesses, ladies and heiresses are given in marriage without being consulted at all. Their chances of happiness in married life are just as uncertain as where they are taken out of a dark room by chance. In this respect, the fortune of the middle and lower classes is much preferable. They are allowed to select for themselves. But a recent writer, who spent many years in France, says that young ladies and gentlemen, even in the middle class of society, never associate together until the gentleman asks for the lady in marriage, and this he very often does without ever having seen her. There is little chance of love in such matches; and Judge Huger once said to a lady, in my presence, "No virtuous woman will marry a man she don't love."

Earliest Civilization.

The earliest civilization we have any correct account of in history is that of the Egyptians. They were, at a very remote period, distinguished for their architectural grandeur and magnificence. Their pyramids afford abundant evidence of their high civilization and great mechanical skill and industry. The antiquity of these monuments will induce one to doubt the received chronology of the creation of the world. It is impossible that in so short a period after the creation of man, and the destruction of the world by the flood, the Egyptians would have had the population and skill to erect those stupendous structures. Skill and science may have been possible, though altogether improbable, but population utterly impossible. Nothing erected since by man equals them in grandeur and massiveness. How they could have been erected is still one of the wonders of civilization.

The Egyptians were unquestionably of the Caucasian race, and very different in features from their neighbors, the Africans, who lived in close proximity to them without imbibing a particle of their civilization and refinement. It is remarkable that the negro has remained in a savage state for thousands of years, whilst the highest civilization was so near them.

This would seem to warrant the conclusion that nature intended him for a savage or slave. The intelligence of the African race, in America, is entirely owing to slavery; and, but for their intimate association with a superior race, they would again relapse into barbarism, although in a state of freedom.

Grecian civilization does not date back as far as that of the Egyptians; in fact, there is little doubt that they did receive their early civilization from Egypt; but they afterwards immeasurably surpassed the Egyptians and all contemporary nations in the arts and sciences, as well as in literature and philosophy. They were full of genius and invention. None equaled them in poetry, music, sculpture and belles lettres. They perfected their laugauge, and it has never since been equaled in beauty, harmony and expression. In taste and refinement they were far superior to their Roman conquerors.

The Chinese trace their history back many thousands of years beyond the Jewish account of the creation of the world, but there is very little reliance to be placed on their chronology. They were, however, a comparatively civilized people at a very early period in the world's history. The mariner's compass, gunpowder, writing paper, printing, and the manufacture of porcelain, were known to them for ages before they were known in Europe. The Chinese were also a literary people, and at this time there is, perhaps, no people in the world so universally educated. All aspirants for public honors and office must be literary men. Their religion is doubtful. The Emperor is nominanlly a Buddhist, and they worship their ancestors. The writings of Confucius, who lived four or five hundred years before Christ, have the same consideration in China that the Bible has in all Christian countries.

The Great Law of Nature.

In passing over the history of ancient nations, we are painfully reminded of the great law of nature, that all things have an end. We are born, live and die. This is the law of the vegetable as well as of the animal kingdom. It is likewise the law of kingdoms, empires and republics. They rise, flourish and pass away. Other States, powers and principalities spring up in their stead, and in a brief period are gone. How short was the existence of the republics of Greece, Rome and Carthage! The mighty empires of Babylon, Persia, Assyria and Egypt were soon conquered and overturned by other nations. We see in history how civilization itself sprung up, flourished, and perished in the dark ages. Again we are living in another experiment of civilization. The world has made rapid strides during the last five hundred years in learning, philosophy, and all the arts and sciences. Great improvements, too, have taken place in all the modern governments compared to those of antiquity. Despotisms are less despotic, kingdoms less arbitrary and oppressive, and republics more wise and free. The American cluster of republics, when first established, was a great improvement on those of Greece and Rome. It was a representative republic, blending the strength of monarchy with the wisdom of an aristocracy and the virtue of democracy. Instead of the people assembling *en masse* to make laws, as they did in Greece and Rome, they choose representatives for their wisdom and virtue to legislate for them, and hold them responsible for their legislation. But in order to maintain a republic there must be virtue and intelligence in the people. A republic cannot exist long where the people, the source of all power and honor, are ignorant and corrupt. The downfall of the republics of antiquity was

owing to the corruption of the people, and the wealth, luxury and idleness of the higher classes.

It is to be greatly apprehended that our cluster of republics may go in the same way. The new element of universal African suffrage, thrown into our State governments by the unwise and unconstitutional legislation of Congress will speedily end our Southern institutions unless some measure is taken to control this black power. This negro element is a total perversion of the object of the American republic. It was intended to be a white man's government and nothing else. What would its framers have thought? What would they have said? What would they have done if they could have foreseen the government of six or seven States falling under the absolute control of their slaves? Would they not have said it was better to remain British Provinces than become Sovereign States?

Demoralization of Society.

There has been, too, a terrible demoralization of society in the United States since our unfortunate civil war, which has a strong tendency to undermine our republican institutions. Official frauds, defalcations and legislative roguery are every day occurrences. The worst men in the community are being elected and appointed to all offices. There was a time in South Carolina when a stain or imputation on a man's character not only excluded him from office, but from all society of gentlemen. But now if a man cheats, lies and steals, and by his roguery acquires fortune or official position, he becomes the associate of gentlemen, and his crimes are unpunished and unnoticed. He may betray his principles, his race and his country, and still maintain his position in society.

And After

By Mary Chapin Smith.

In that lone house where all things are forgot,
Where love is turned to dust,
Where hate is naught but rust,
Joy unremembered, power and grief forsworn,
That silent house where friends come not,
Where living from the dead are torn;—
Look, there he lies,
Who once beneath her sunny skies
In joy and beauty walked the earth,
And ever from his birth
Of wealth and honor knew no dearth;
Now in the narrow house, down deep
Below the strife, below the happiness, the sleep,
Deaf to Love's piercing cry
Which cannot wake the dead,
Unheedful of the echoing tread
Of friend or foeman passing by,
Of life no spark, no faintest germ,
Food for the tree and brother to the worm.

* * * * * *

The spirit, once so gay and debonair,
Through what uncharted seas, what strange dim ether rare,
Has it explored the way? Or does it sit
With sorrow bowed,
Where fires of remorse are lit
By torches of old revels? Or on a loud
And wailing wind does it pass by
Dear well-remembered places with a sigh,
Still longing for the swift return of morn,
A hollow ghost, affrighted and forlorn?
Perhaps it dwells
With tender holy loves of old
Beside sweet waters flowing to the sea
In some enchanted land whose mystic spells
Of utmost beauty ever hold
The song of bird, the flower, the tree:
Or does it delve down far and deep
For records that the centuries keep,
Searching through all the heritage of time
For legend, science, rune and rhyme,
For knowledge, wisdom, truths untold,
Even as the miner seeks for gold?
What work falls to its lot,
What days remembered or what time forgot?
What dawn of love that fadeth not,
What rose of joy or sad gray rue of grief,
What calm for restlessness, of pain, what quick relief?
Of meed of bliss or doom of woe, who knows?
The mortal question since the sun first rose
On man: I wot not; only this, God knows.

MR. BRYAN AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

HOME OF WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN IN THE SUBURBS OF LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

Bryan as a Man.

By Thos. H. Tibbles.

IN the year 1890 I was an editorial writer on the *Daily Omaha World-Herald*. At that time the Republican party had a majority in the state so large that very little attention was paid to the doings of the Democrats. One morning there appeared a short associated press dispatch saying that the Democrats of the First Congressional district had nominated a young lawyer of Lincoln, by the name of W. J. Bryan for Congress. As the district had about 3,000 Republican majority, the nomination of any man by the Democrats attracted little attention and especially was that so when the nominee was a young and unknown lawyer. A day or two after a gentleman came into my editorial rooms and said that the young fellow the Democrats had nominated came recently from Illinois and that he was a good public speaker. The nomination might be of benefit to him as a lawyer as it would give him a chance to get acquainted with the people, but that he had no more chance of election than of being proclaimed the Czar of all the Russias.

I paid little attention to the matter until I learned that the Republicans had formed a plot to "everlastingly wipe out" the young lawyer, and it

MRS. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

was to be put into effect at Omaha, which was then a part of the First district. It was said that he was coming to Omaha to address some ward meetings, and before he left he would be in such a fix that he could not poll even the full Democratic vote, small as it was. When I was informed of the plan, the informer was told that it "was a contemptible, dirty, political trick," but I resolved to attend the first ward meeting and see how the trick worked.

The contest between the parties at that time was concerning the tariff, but there were two state issues thrust into it. A prohibition amendment to the constitution was to be submitted, and there was what was called the A. P. A. movement then at its height, which was an anti-Catholic protest. This latter contest was attracting nearly the whole of the attention in Omaha, as nearly every official in Omaha from the mayor down to the dog-catcher was a Catholic. The place where Mr. Bryan spoke was a small hall connected with a saloon. There was a temporary bar put up at the back of the hall where beer was dispensed during the speech. The Republicans had collected twenty-five or thirty toughs who were compactly seated in one corner at the back of the hall. Nearly every man there was a Catholic. Mr. Bryan had proceeded but a short time in discussing the tariff when the leader of the Republican toughs called out in a loud voice: "Oh! give us something we are interested in. How about the A. P. A?" Then the whole crowd raised a terrific yell, calling out: "How about the A. P. A?"

Mr. Bryan stood looking at that hostile crowd until the yelling died away in silence. Then he took a step towards the crowd and said:

"Gentlemen, I am a member of the Presbyterian church which I attend regularly every Sunday when I am at home. The liberty that I claim for myself I am willing to grant to every other man and allow him to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience."

That open, frank statement of his Protestant connections made to a Catholic audience astonished the crowd. Many of them had drunk a good deal of beer, but when no evasion was attempted, when they took in the full force of that statement, the honesty of the man became so apparent that after a moment or two of silence, they broke out into a tremendous cheer. Even the leader of the Republican gang of toughs could not restrain all of his followers, and some joined in the cheering. Mr. Bryan went on with his speech on the tariff and after a while the Republican contingent tried the same trick again. They called out: "How about prohibition?" After the shouting died away and silence reigned for some seconds he said: "I never drink a drop of liquor, but I do not assume to say what other men shall do in that matter."

That was said to an audience the most of whom were under the influence of liquor, and Bryan was there to get votes. The statement was so far from what the average politician would have said, that the crowd cheered again. The honesty and frankness of those statements was so different from what I had been accustomed to hear from political speakers that I took an interest in the young lawyer who was brave enough to make them. That was the beginning of my acquaintance with Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Bryan was never a poor boy. His father was a judge of the circuit court and looked after the interests of his children. From the age of six until he was twenty-two, Mr. Bryan lived on a farm and did the work of a boy there when he was not in school. He never drove a mule team on a canal or flatboated on the Mississippi, but after he received his education and studied law he had to make his

HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
Rising to Address the International Peace Congress In London, 1906.

own way. He began practice in Illinois and worked his way up until he saved a little money above living expenses. Then he moved to Lincoln, Nebraska, where he had a harder time of it, for Lincoln was flooded with lawyers with whom he had to compete for business. For a long time he lived on two meals a day. He would buy a book of meal tickets and use but two a day. If he got very hungry he would buy ten cents worth of crackers. He slept in his little office on a couch which was used as a piece of furniture during the day, but he gradually rose in his profession until he was supporting his family and saving a little money, when he was nominated for Congress.

There is an erroneous opinion current that Mr. Bryan is now a very rich man. He is worth less than $100,000. Twenty-five thousand of that is invested in his residence just outside the city limits of Lincoln and to which there is attached thirty-five acres of land. Then he has what he calls a "reserve fund" of $30,000, which is the working capital of the *Commoner*. Besides that he has some other property upon which it would be difficult to place an exact estimate of the value, but all taken together it would fall considerably below $100,000. None of it is productive except what is invested in his weekly paper.

Mr. Bryan makes his living as a lecturer. During the season of the lecture courses he makes more money than the President receives, but less than half of his time is so employed. He never will accept of any compensation for political speeches and often pays his own expenses. When he is invited to speak in a state he generally pays his own expenses until he reaches his destination, after which a committee usually takes charge of him and the expenses are paid. He gives away every year large sums of money. Last year he gave the Y. W. C. A. $1,000, and donated a park to the city of Lincoln, valued at $2,500. His rule is always to give one-tenth of his income to charity, but he is never able to keep himself down to his rule and often far exceeds it.

He has no great desire for wealth and once said to the writer that if some man should give him $1,000,000, he would look upon the gift as a great calamity. He could not use it himself and to dispose of it in a way that would do good instead of harm would add a burden which would be very irksome. He certainly would not leave it to his children.

In his private life Mr. Bryan is a "commoner." Any man can approach him, and his employees, which number about fifty, he always treats on an equality with himself. He pays twenty-five per cent higher wages than any other publishing house in Lincoln. Untrained girls while they are learning, get $4.00 per week. The other publishers pay $3.00 and that higher scale runs through the whole office force, from the girl who addresses envelopes to the managing editor. There is an eight hour day in force with seven hours for Saturday. In the busy season no employee is "required" to work over time and only those who request the extra work are given it and then they are credited with time and a half. Twice a year they are given a holiday aside from the regular holidays. In the summer time a picnic is provided for them and in the winter time they are entertained either at Mr. Bryan's home or at his brother's home.

Recently I had the pleasure of attending one of these gatherings at Mr. Bryan's home. He provided a special street car to take the employees out to his house, served them with an elegant lunch and spent the whole evening entertaining them with stories about his trip around the world and showing them the unique curios that he had gathered among the different nations. Nothing shows

MISS GRACE BRYAN.

more definitely what kind of a man any one is than the way he treats his employees.

It is not long since Mr. Bryan was called "The Boy Orator of the Platte," but he is a father and a grand father. He has three children and two grand children.

His tastes are those of a farmer, and as far as consistent with his public duties, he tries to make a farm out of his little homestead. There he has such blooded stock as the thirty-five acres will maintain. Once a party of distinguished men were at his place looking at his Jerseys, Short Horns, Poland China pigs and other stock when one of them remarked that Mr. Bryan had never gone in for Belgian hares. Mr. Bryan rubbed the top of his bald head and replied, "You see that I have never been successful in raising hairs and I concluded not to try."

As a thinker and formulator of policies Mr. Bryan has always been far in advance of his party. He insists that he has guided his life by some words of his father who said to him when he started out in life: "You can always afford to be in the minority, but can never afford to be in the wrong." In the public press he has been constantly described as an emotional orator—one who gets excited and adopts theories on the spur of the moment, which is an entirely wrong conception of the man. He never takes a position on any public question until he has given it a thorough study. When he has once made up his mind the conclusion is unalterable. No amount of persuasion will move him, no threat of disaster, no promise of reward will have any influence upon him. In many instances he has been from five to ten years in advance of his party, and in every instance the party has finally been forced to adopt his advanced ideas. That was the case with his advocacy of the initiative and referendum, the election of Senators by the people, the demand for anti-pass laws, arbitration, protest against government by injunction, the cost of construction as a basis on which to fix freight rates, advocating the prohibition of corporate contributions to campaign funds, and many other things which his party has since adopted. The last and most conspicuous example of foresight as contrasted with the emotionalism and sentimentalism with which he has been charged is his Madison Square speech in which he advocated government ownership of railroads. Nowhere had a Democratic convention ever demanded government ownership and the party everywhere was astounded when the doctrine was proclaimed.

Although Mr. Bryan is not a rich man he has had plenty of opportun-

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, JR.

ities to become one. He has been offered the presidency or directorship of many different corporations where all that would be required of him was the use of his name, but he has always refused. He has often had stock sent to him as a gift, but in every instance he has sent it back.

Bryan "as a man" has no blemishes upon him. As a citizen, husband, father, grand father, he has passed through every phase of private life. As a public man he is known the world over. His life is an open book, there are no revelations to be made, no surprises to be sprung, no scandals to be feared. In every position of life, and he has passed through nearly all that falls to the lot of a citizen of this republic, he has been honest, just, and the "commoner" all the time. He takes disappointment philosophically, while victory does not exalt him. At the close of the 1896 campaign, a party of distinguished people were at his house receiving the election returns. By ten o'clock the indications were that he was defeated. Without any apparent feeling at all Mr. Bryan remarked that as the thing was settled and he was very tired he would go to bed. A few minutes afterward a very encouraging report was received, and one of the gentlemen said he would take it up stairs to Mr. Bryan. When he entered Mr. Bryan's room he found the defeated candidate sleeping as quietly as a baby and he did not disturb him. Mr. Bryan never uttered a word of bitterness over the result.

At the close of the 1900 campaign Mr. Bryan appeared to be a worn out man. The work that he did during the campaign would have killed on ordinary man. When he spoke in Lincoln the night before the election his voice was almost gone, his face was drawn and pale and he spoke slowly and with difficulty. He had been dashing over the country for weeks making from five to fifteen and sometimes more speeches a day, but the few words he said were as powerful as any he ever uttered. One sentence was: "They say I cannot be elected because all the trusts are against me. The trusts are not more against me than I am against them." The next day after the election I called upon him at his modest little home in Lincoln. He was still haggard and worn out but there was no bitterness in his remarks. The nearest to it was an allusion to the means used to change Utah from one party to another.

Mr. Bryan is the radical of his party, always has been and always will be. A desire to do something for the common people that will prevent their spoilation by the trusts and great financial interests courses constantly through his veins. Whether the policies which he advocates would

do that is something with which this article has nothing to do, but no man who has known Mr. Bryan intimately doubts that he is thoroughly persuaded that they would, or that any influence could be brought to bear upon him that would change him. Money is not even a "temptation" to him. The care and management of large sums is very distasteful to him.

In the smaller things as well as the larger when he has once made up his mind he is inflexible. He never touches intoxicating liquors under any circumstances, no matter what the conventionalities may require. At the Togo reception in Japan when the great admiral's health was proposed, Mr. Bryan filled his glass with water. A Japanese admiral said to him: "The health of an admiral is always drunk with champagne." Mr. Bryan replied: "Your great admiral won his victories on water, when he wins one on champagne I will drink his health in champagne."

Such is Mr. Bryan "as a man." As a party leader, as an orator, as a politician, this article has nothing to do, but "as a man" the people of the United States may well be proud of him.

Life and Times of Andrew Jackson.

By Thos. E. Watson.
Copyright, 1906, by Thos. E. Watson.

Chapter VII.

Over the next few years of Andrew Jackson's life we may pass rapidly, on our way to the period of his real development. Not until the War of 1812 gave him the opportunity to show what was in him did he rise above the standard of the average leading American pioneer. . Previous to that decisive step upward, he merely ranked with the best of the intrepid frontiersmen among whom he lived, ever ready to fight, eager in the buying up of choice land, trading extensively at two or three different establishments, owning many slaves and using them to advantage on his home-farm, successfully breeding fine horses and filling with credit, in a perfunctory way, the offices which fell to his lot in the meanwhile.

Andrew Jackson would probably have raised a tremendous row with anybody who dared to class him among chronic office-seekers, and his friends would doubtless have rallied around him on that issue, as upon all others—drowning the impertinences of fact with the cry of "Hurrah for Jackson!"

Nevertheless, the record shows that Jackson almost always held an office. Sometimes he held two. From the date of his arrival in Tennessee until that of his retirement from the Presidency at the end of his second term,—declining to run again more on account of broken health than because af any squeamishness about a Third Term,—we shall find that he was never without an office of some kind.

This is not stated as a reproach to his memory, but as a fact material to a sane comprehension of the subject in hand.

* * * * * *

The reader will remember that the friend under whom Jackson studied law in North Carolina had secured for him the presidential appointment to the office of District Attorney for the Mero District of Tennessee. This position he filled as long as Tennessee remained a territory.

In 1795 a census taken for the purpose proved that the Territory had a population sufficient to entitle it to admission to the Union as a State; therefore, the Governor ordered the election of delegates to a Convention to frame a State Constitution.

Among the five delegates chosen by the county of Davidson were the Judge, John McNairy, and the District Attorney, Andrew Jackson.

The Convention met in Knoxville, January 11, 1796. Two

members from each county were appointed to draft a Constitution,—the various county delegations being given the right to select the county's representative upon the Committee. The Davidson county delegation quite naturally selected their least illiterate members,—to wit, the Judge and the District Attorney, —John McNairy and Andrew Jackson.

The Constitution framed and adopted was at that time considered extremely democratic. The Hamiltonians of the country condemned it; the Jeffersonians endorsed it; yet the discriminations against the Have-nots were conspicuous.

A property qualification was established which required that a Governor must own five hundred acres of land, and a member of the Legislature two hundred. Landowners were given a vote in each county in which they owned land.

A State Government was immediately organized under this Constitution, John Sevier being elected Governor.

On the 1st of June 1796, Tennessee was admitted into the Union—the Sixteenth State,—entitled to two Senators and one Representative.

William Blount passed from the territorial office of Governor to one of the U. S. Senatorships of the new State of Tennessee; and the District Attorney, whose office disappeared with the admission of the territory into the Union, was taken care of by being sent to Congress. Thus Andrew Jackson became the first Representative of Tennessee in the Lower House of Congress.

The first notable vote of Andrew Jackson in Congress was *against* The Father of his Country.

* * * * * *

The final departure of George Washington from the public tage was at hand. He had been more severely tried by the years which followed the Revolutionary War than by the war itself. It is one thing to combat one's enemy; it is quite another to contend with one's friends. Through both ordeals, fate took George Washington.

That he was magnificently successful in dealing with the complexities of the struggle for independence, developing a strength that met every demand of that fearful period of strain and strife, history proudly proclaims.

But whether he did equally well as Chief Executive of the young Republic will always remain a subject of debate.

To the disciples of the School of Hamilton, the administration of Washington seems phenomenally wise, firm and patriotic.

To the Jeffersonians it was, and is, altogether unsatisfactory and in some respects abominable.

The Jay Treaty was a sell-out of Southern commerce and agriculture to Northern navigation and manufacturers, and the South detested it.

The Jeffersonians throughout the Union were shocked at the cold blooded way in which France, our ally in the long, soul-trying years of the war, was thrown over for England, our late

oppressor and ruthless foe. It required all the authority and influence of Washington, reinforced by all the diplomacy of Hamilton and the financial resources of the English party to keep down popular resistance to the Federal Administration when it turned from the gallant friends who had so recently stood with the American soldier in line of battle and bought, upon humiliating terms, a hollow truce with Great Britain.

The facts soon demonstrated that the Mother Country was not yet willing to accept in good faith the results of the Revolutionary War. Her pride was ruffled and her temper unsubdued. The War of 1812 was nothing in the world but the final skirmish of the long struggle for Colonial Independence. England had to have certain things made clear to her before she could gain her own consent to let the Colonies go.

When our sailors proved themselves a match for hers; when our volunteer militiamen knocked her veteran regiments to pieces—then at length she realized that the young Republic could stand alone.

Had President Washington turned a deaf ear to the crafty promptings of Alexander Hamilton, France and the United States would have remained allies, to the vast advantage of each other and of the world.

Had we kept faith with France—as in honor and common gratitude we should have done,—the two young Republics could have successfully defied the combined kings, potentates and aristocracies of Europe. Democracy would have triumphed, not only in Great Britain but throughout Continental Europe. Liberal institutions would have replaced feudalism, from the Russian frontier to the Pyrannes. The time was at hand, the people ready. It required the utmost efforts of all the kings to check the growth of Republican principles. Millions of mis-led soldiers had to be thrown against revolutionary France before the onward march of her glorious creed of *"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"* could be halted.

Halted it was—by bayonet and ball. The shouts of European Democrats were choked with blood. Priesthoods and aristocracies once more united and prevailed. The hands on the clock of progress were turned back fifty years. The subdued millions of Europe again turned themselves obediently into kissers of the King's hand and of the Pope's foot. The priest was heaven's authorized broker and he, alone, could arrange,—for a consideration, of course,—terms for the admission of the penitent sinner into Paradise: the King ruled by Divine Right and as Francis of Austria told his college professors *"What we want is Obedience."*

Had George Washington heeded Jefferson, rather than Hamilton, the history of the world would have been different.

* * * * * *

Another measure of Washington's administration had deeply dissatisfied the Jeffersonians. This was the Hamilton dictrine of Implied Powers. In addition to the authority *expressly granted* by the States to the Federal Government, Hamilton

contended that others were *implied.* Under this construction of the Constitution, Hamilton had proposed the establishment of a National Bank. Mr. Jefferson and Edmund Randolph, both members of Washington's Cabinet, had strongly combated Mr. Hamilton's views, but Washington—a Federalist—followed his natural inclinations and sanctioned the Bank.

"Resist the Beginnings," was one of the wise maxims of Thomas Jefferson. A far-sighted statesman, he realized that Hamilton was utilizing Washington's popularity and power to lay the foundations of an Aristocracy of Wealth, supported by Special Privilege, which would at length change the whole nature of our Republic.

For the same reasons, the Jeffersonians bitterly antagonized the Funding System of Hamilton which brought about a partnership between Northern capitalists and the National Treasury.

Therefore, when the venerable first President had read his last message to Congress, and the customary address of Congrss in reply was proposed, the movers of the latter had great difficulty in securing its passage in the language which they preferred.

The formal address to the retiring President congratulated him upon his *"wise, firm and patriotic administration."*

A member from the native State of the President led the opposition.

Hon. Wm. B. Giles, of Virginia, objected to these flattering expressions. In the opinion of Mr. Giles, the administration of General Washington had been neither wise nor firm.

"I believe, sir, that a want of wisdom and firmness has brought this country into its present alarming crisis," said the Representative from Virginia.

The alarming crisis referred to by Mr. Giles was the threatened war with France, and the disordered finances consequent upon the issues of paper money by the bank.

After a long and heated discussion, the Address was adopted by a vote of sixty-seven to twelve.

Among the twelve who went on record against it were Wm. B. Giles, Edward Livingston, Nathaniel Macon and Andrew Jackson.

Another vote of the sole Representative of Tennessee in the Lower House of Congress proves how impartial were the Jeffersonians of that day.

The city of Savannah, Georgia, having been almost entirely destroyed by fire, Congress was appealed to for an appropriation out of the National Treasury for the relief of the stricken people; Congress refused,—rightly. Among the votes recorded against the proposition to take public funds for charitable purposes was that of Andrew Jackson.

How differently does Congress construe the Constitution during these latter days!

There was an earthquake, a few years ago, in the French island of Martinique, and the eruption of a volcano.

With spasmodic and hysterical speed, the Congress of the

United States rushed an appropriation through both Houses, and the "relief" was hurried, in fast-going vessels, to Martinique. The French Government itself did not appropriate a franc, and when the American vessel drew alongside the wharf in Martinique, the first native who came aboard *offered food for sale!*

Something practically similar happened in 1906 when our charity thrust itself upon the English colony of Jamaica. *We* spent some thousands dollars relieving distress in Jamaica; *the English Government did not spend a penny!*

* * * * * *

The people of Tennessee bore a grudge against the administration of Washington because the Federal Government had never lifted a finger to protect them from the Indians.

President Washington sent troops to protect the Northwest, but left the Southwest to protect itself.

Thus it happened that in 1793 the Tennesseans, led by John Sevier, took the initiative against the Red Men who were alleged to be committing outrages. After a bloody campaign, the Indians were driven back and brought to terms.

The U. S. Government had not authorized the war, and refused to pay the expenses. Andrew Jackson took hold of this claim for compensation, brought the facts before Congress, and succeeded in having these war-expenses paid.

The sum was only twenty thousand eight hundred and sixteen dollars, but specie was scarce in the backwoods in those days, and the influx of that amount of hard cash in Tennessee was warmly appreciated. The popularity of Jackson, we are assured, was greatly increased by his management of the case.

Strange to say, Jackson did not attend the next session of Congress at all. During the summer of 1797, a most important session was held—the French quarrel becoming a menace of war—but the sole Representative of Tennessee did not put in appearance.

However, his own people found no fault with him, apparently, for during this year he was appointed Senator from Tennessee to fill a vacancy.

In the autumn of 1797, he is once more in Philadelphia, a member of the Senate. He remained there until April 1798, when he went back to Tennessee and resigned.

The Legislature almost immediately elected him Judge of the Supreme Court.

Just as we have but a meagre record of Jackson's doings while a member of Congress, so we have no authentic account of him as Supreme Court Judge.

Once upon a time when one in authority proposed to appoint to judicial position a man of fine natural sense but of no knowledge of the written law, the latter pleaded his own unfitness for the place. He was answered, "Decide every case according to your own ideas of justice, *and give no reasons.*"

The appointment was accepted, the advice followed, and satisfactory results given.

Andrew Jackson, a man of fine common sense, may have acted upon the same principles. No decision of his has been produced.

Anecdote represents him as at one time quitting the bench and adjourning court, temporarily, to assist the Sheriff in arresting an obstreperous law-breaker. Of course, the bully wilted the moment he looked into the Jacksonian eye, and into the muzzles of the ever-ready Jacksonian pistols.

* * * * * *

In 1801, while still on the Supreme Bench, Jackson was a candidate for major generalship of the militia. His opponent was John Sevier, the famous Indian fighter who had come off victorious in thirty-five combats with the Red Men. Although fifty years of age, he was still the handsomest man in Tennessee, and was easily the most popular with the people at large.

Unluckily for Sevier, the men of the rank and file had no voice in the selection of the major general. The field-officers were the electors. Between him and Andrew Jackson there was a tie vote among these officers.

In this emergency, Governor Roane came to the relief and cast the deciding vote for Jackson.

Sevier was wounded to the quick by this rejection of himself—who had so long served the people in actual border warfare—in favor of a young lawyer who had never been in a battle, and had never even accompanied an expedition against the common enemy.

The veteran's mortification was natural, and we cannot fail to sympathize with it. Jackson had at that time given no evidence of his ability as a military man, and the selection of the untried lawyer and judge over the tried soldier who was in the very prime of life seemed a gross injustice.

The people of Tennessee evidently felt this way about it for, at the next election, Governor Roane was thrown out and the gallant John Sevier was elected Governor.

It was almost inevitable that Judge-General Jackson and Governor Sevier would have candid friends and Ransy Sniffle go-betweens who would never be satisfied until the two big men had been made to fight.

Furious quarrels there were in which the Governor menaced the Judge and the Judge threatened the Governor, but the actual collision never took place. No sane man can question the courage of either party to the feud, and ones chief feeling is that of regret that two such essentially sound-hearted heroes could not have been friends.

Sevier had always kept open house, had spent much of his time and resources in raids against the Indians, and was a poor man. Jackson owned tens of thousands of acres of fine land, was conducting profitable trading ventures, and was holding an office which, excepting the Governorship, was the best paying place in the State.

To run for another office while holding that, seems some-

what selfish and grasping. To run for it against one who deserved so well of Tennessee as did John Sevier, certainly proves that Jackson set his own ambition far above anything like a chivalrous regard for others.

"What has this lawyer done that he should be put before me? Did I not ride at the head of the volunteer cavalry of the mountains when they crushed Ferguson in the turning-point battle of the Revolutionary War? Was it not the Indian yell of the men who followed me that unnerved the British more than the whistle of balls? Did we not rescue North Carolina on that fateful day when this North Carolina boy, Andrew Jackson, was still in his mother's leading strings? I don't know of anything particular that he has done except to run away with another man's wife."

So, in the bitterness of his heart, John Sevier may have spoken; and the latter portion of the outburst having been related to Andrew Jackson, fierce wrangles followed which did neither of them credit.

Tennessee elected Sevier once more to the Governorship, and President Adams intended to make him one of the Brigadier-Generals if war should come with France; but at the end of his gubernatorial term he sinks from the historical view, dies while running the line of another Indian "Concession," and thus the student of those old times sees no more of one of the most fascinating personages that ever appeared in American border life.

* * * * * *

While holding the two offices of Supreme Court Judge and Major-General of militia, Andrew Jackson sought presidential appointment to the position of Governor of the recently purchased Louisiana Territory. In April 1804, we find the energetic Judge-Major-General in Washington giving his personal attention to the matter.

But President Jefferson is at Monticello, sorely afflicted by the death of his beloved daughter, Mrs. John W. Eppes, and Jackson does not call at the White House at all, lest the call should be "construed as the call of a Courteor."

Writing to his friend Geo. W. Campbell, Jackson nails his democratic flag to the mast as follows, "Of all characters on earth my feelings despise a man capable of cringing to power for a benefit or office—and such characters that are capable of bending for the sake of an office are badly calculated for a representative system, when merit alone should lead to preferment —these being my sensations—and believing that a call upon him (the President) under the present existing circumstances might be construed as the act of a courteor, I traviled on enjoying my own feelings."

A thoroughly Jacksonian deliverance! Holding two offices, reaching out for a better one, and finding that President Jefferson has virtually given the place to another, the stern democrat from Tennessee, who had gone to Washington to apply for the appointment, wraps the mantle of personal independence about

him, and refuses to make a formal call at the Executive Mansion, for fear that this mark of respect paid to the Chief Magistrate should cause Andrew Jackson to be called *"a courteor."*

* * * * * *

While occupying a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court, the repeated affrays with Governor Sevier, the quarrel with his old friend Judge McNairy, and some business troubles which were the consequence of his astonishing ignorance of law, must have tried Jackson's fortitude severely.

He was the aggressor in the feud with Sevier; he was at fault in the quarrel with McNairy, and he had nobody but himself to blame for dealing in land-titles which any lawyer should have known were void.

Andrew Jackson was one of the shrewdest of traders and was a successful man of affairs; by profession, he was a lawyer; by election, he was a judge of the Supreme Court. Yet he missed utter ruin by the skin of his teeth because he treated *as valid* the title to land sold at legal sale under foreclosure of a mortgage when *the court had no jurisdiction of the case!*

It was a striking evidence of Jackson's sound common sense that, when he found himself in this desperate plight, he sought the advice of *a real lawyer*. By following the advice given him by his lawyer, he managed to weather the storm.

In the conduct of his business affairs, Jackson became involved in a considerable amount of litigation, as one would naturally suppose. Dogmatic in his opinions, uncompromising and somewhat overbearing, an occasional lawsuit with some other unyielding fellow-mortal sprang up, giving him more or less trouble. In these legal battles the day went against him, now and then.

It appears that he gave his personal attention to his commercial ventures, and that when keeping store at Clover Bottom he rode over there every morning, and stayed all day. Mrs. Jackson superintended the farm while the General was away.

In Philadelphia, where most of his supplies for his stores were purchased, Jackson established the highest character for square dealing. His credit was first-class. It was known that he would sacrifice all he possessed rather than forfeit his bond or dishonor his note. His pride, his keen sense of honor made it impossible for him to rest under the slightest cloud of *deserved* discredit. Undoubtedly, he was one of those men to whom life is worth nothing unless he can feel that he has the right to look the whole world in the face, and to bear himself as the equal of any other man whomsoever.

But Andrew Jackson was not the man to shine "in the piping time 'o peace." The clash of battle was necessary to rouse him to his best. There was a craving for excitement, a love of strife for the sake of strife, which he could no more help than he could help being red-headed and blue eyed.

Turbulence was his element, and turbulence of some kind he must have. It it wasn't to be had otherwise, he would create it.

The race-track had its fascination for him, simply because

it represented superb *action*, spirited contest, tumultuous crowds of excited people, sustained exhilaration, and the ever-present possibility of a free-for-all fight.

The matching of game-chickens was a pastime which also brought him forward, keen for the contest, keen for victory. Just as he bred race-horses and run them for big stakes against all comers, so he "raised" game chickens and was their eager backer where they fought until they stabbed their antagonists to death with cruel gaffs, and were themselves stabbed to death. He would gather up his best roosters, put out for Nashville, take two or three drinks of whiskey and pit his own cocks against those of his friend, Patten Anderson, or those of any other citizen whom he considered a gentleman.

He would join in the savage sports as though his whole soul was in them—as indeed, it *was*, for the time. He would not only enjoy the rough revel vastly, but would lead it. No man shouted more loudly as the game cocks were pitted for mortal combat. No man so eagerly followed every cut and thrust of the long keen knives that had been corded on to the roosters' spurs.

While his feathered favorites fought in the ring, he cheered on his "Bernadotte" or his "Dominica," as he afterwards cheered on the riflemen of the backwoods at Talladega and New Orleans.

Noisy, profane, dominant, a born king of men, Andrew Jackson was the same, in all essential respects, when betting on and managing a cocking-main in Nashville, when bossing the race-rourse at Clover Bottom, when storming at and "running over" John Sevier, and when breaking forever the power of the Creek Nation.

But Jackson drew the line sharply between "gentleman gamblers" and professional blacklegs. With these latter he would have nothing to do.

Once, in the excitement of a horse-race, Jackson's strident voice was heard ringing out the challenge:

"I will bet any gentleman fifty dollars on the white mare."

"I take the bet, General," cried a well-known gambler.

Without noticing *him*, Jackson's challenge rang out again.

"Why, General, I took that bet," urged the gambler.

Without a change of feature, but with that steady look which must have been a nerve-test, Jackson exclaimed.

"I said '*any gentleman*,' sir; and I do not recognize you as a gentleman!"

The black-leg was wise in his generation, and let the matter go at that.

* * * * * *

Out of a horse-race wrangle, and nothing else, arose that wretched duel with Charles Dickinson, which sent a bright young lawyer to an untimely grave, widowed a lovely, devoted wife, and gave to Jackson himself a world of after trouble, besides a wound which finally hastened his death.

With some care, I have studied what evidence is now attain-

able concerning this deplorable episode in Jackson's career; and without hesitation I reject, as lacking in the support of a scintilla of evidence, the statement that Dickinson had made offensive allusions to Jackson's wife.

There is *no testimony* of that sort. The correspondence which brought on the tragedy is as open to the world as that which led to Burr's killing of Hamilton. Absolutely there is no mystery in the case, and no room for doubt. The *duel* grew out of a horse-race quarrel, and out of nothing else. Jackson himself was too proud and brave a man to tell lies against the dead, and never by word, or deed, or intimation did he accuse Dickinson of speaking disrespectfully of Mrs. Jackson.

Many years later, when Jackson's coterie of personal worshippers had undertaken, against his first inclinations, to elect him President of the United States, it became necessary to make a better showing for him in the matter of Dickinson's death than could be found in the contemporaneous correspondence. It was *then* that the story was put forward by Sam Houston and others to the effect that they *"had been told"* that Dickinson spoke offensive words of Mrs. Jackson, not only once but repeatedly; and that Jackson mildly remonstrated with Dickinson, not only in person, but through conciliatory messages, doing his utmost to avoid strife. Think of Andrew Jackson making such pathetic efforts to keep the peace when an insolent young lawyer *"in a tavern in Nashville"* had publicly and repeatedly "uttered offensive words respecting Mrs. Jackson!"

One simply cannot believe anything of the kind. The statement is too much at variance with Jackson's known character and constant line of conduct. Besides, why the necessity of seeking hidden motives when the evidence furnished by the correspondence itself proves conclusively that no hidden motive was wanting? The letters which passed, and the circumstances which led up to the correspondence, reveal the truth with absolute clearness.

In the next chapter will be given the plain, simple story of the celebrated duel—a story founded upon a careful examination of such evidence as we can now find.

Ann Boyd.

By Will N. Harben.

Chapter XIII.

ONE afternoon, about a week later, as Ann Boyd sat in her weaving-room twisting bunches of carded wool into yarn on her old spinning-wheel, the whir of which on her busy days could be heard by persons passing along the road in front of her gate, a shadow fell on her floor, and, looking up, she saw a tall, handsome young man in the doorway, holding his hat in one hand, a valise in the other. He said nothing, but only stood smiling, as if in hearty enjoyment of the surprise he was giving her.

"Luke King!" she exclaimed. "You of all people on the face of the earth!"

"Yes, Aunt Ann"—he had always addressed her in that way—"here I am, like a bad coin, always turning up."

The yellow bunches of wool fell to the floor as she rose up and held out her hand.

"You know I'm glad to see you, my boy," she said, "but I wasn't expecting you; I don't know as I ever looked for you to come back here again, where you've had such a hard time of it. When you wrote me you was the chief editor of a paying paper out there, I said to myself that you'd never care to work here in the mountains, where there is so little to be made by a brainy man."

"If I were to tell you the main thing that brought me back you'd certainly scold me," he laughed; "but I never hid a fault from you, Aunt Ann. The truth is, good, old-fashioned homesickness is at the bottom of it."

"Homesickness for *this?*" Ann sneered contemptuously, as she waved her hand broadly—"homesick for the hard bed you had at your stepfather's, in a pine-log cabin, with a mud chimney and windows without glass, when you've been the equal, out there, of the highest and best in the land, and among folks that could and would appreciate your talents and energy and were able to pay cash for it at the highest market-price?"

"You don't understand, Aunt Ann." He flushed sensitively under her stare of disapproval as he sat down in a chair near her wheel. "Maybe you never did understand me thoroughly. I always had a big stock of sentiment that I couldn't entirely kill. Aunt Ann, all my life away has only made me love these old mountains, hills, and valleys more than ever, and, finally, when a good opportunity presented itself, as—"

"Oh, you are just like the rest, after all. I'd hoped to the contrary," Ann sighed. "But don't think I'm not glad to see you, Luke." Her voice shook slightly. "God knows I've prayed for a sight of the one face among all these here in the mountains that seemed to respect me, but there was another side to the matter. I wanted to feel, Luke, that I had done you some actual good in the world—that the education I helped you to get was going to life you high above the average man. When you wrote about all your good luck out there, the big salary, the interest the

stockholders had given you in the paper that bid fair to make a pile of money, and stood so high in political influence, I was delighted; but, Luke, if a sentimental longing for these heartless red hills and their narrow, hide-bound inhabitants has caused you actually to throw up—"

"Oh, it's really not so bad as that," King hastened to say. "The truth is—though I really *was* trying to keep from bragging about my good fortune before I'd had a chance to ask after your health—the truth is, Aunt Ann, it's business that really brings me back, though I confess it was partly for sentimental reasons that I decided on the change. It's this way: A company has been formed in Atlanta to run a daily paper on somewhat similar lines to the one we had in the West, and the promoters of it, it seems, have been watching my work, and that sort of thing, and so, only a few days ago, they wrote offering me a good salary to assume chief charge and management of the new paper. At first I declined, in a deliberate letter, but they wouldn't have it that way—they telegraphed me that they would not listen to a refusal, and offered me the same financial interest as the one I held."

"Ah, they did, eh?" Ann's eye for business was gleaming. "They offered you as good as you had?"

"Better, as it has turned out, Aunt Ann," said King, modestly, "for when my associates out there read the proposition, they said it was my duty to myself to accept, and with that they took my stock off my hands. They paid me ten thousand dollars in cash, Aunt Ann. I've got that much ready money and a position that is likely to be even better than the one I had. So, you see, all my homesickness—"

"Ten thousand dollars!" Ann cried, her strong face full of gratification. "Ten thousand dollars for my sturdy mountain-boy! Ah, that will open the eyes of some of these indolent know-it-all louts who said the money spent on your education was thrown in the fire. You are all right, Luke. I'm a judge of human stock as well as cattle and horses. If you'd been a light fellow you'd have dropped me when you began to rise out there; but you didn't. Your letters have been about the only solace I've had here in all my loneliness and strife, and here you are to see me as soon as you come—that is, I reckon, you haven't been here many days."

"I got to Darley at two o'clock today," King smiled, affectionately. "I took the hack to Springtown and left my trunk there, to walk here. I haven't seen mother yet, Aunt Ann. I had to see you first."

"You are a good boy, Luke," Ann said, with feeling, as was indicated by her husky voice and the softening of her features. "So you *are* going to see your mother?"

"Yes, I'm going to see her, Aunt Ann. For several years I have felt resentment about her marrying as she did, but, do you know, I think success and good fortune make one forgiving. Somehow, with all my joy over my good luck, I feel like I'd like to shake even lazy old Mark Bruce by the hand and tell him I am willing to let by-gones be by-gones. Then, if I could, I'd like to help him and my mother and step-brother and step-sisters in some material way."

"Huh! I don't know about that," Ann frowned. "Help given to them sort is certainly throwed away; besides, what's yours is yours, and if you started in to distribute help you'll be ridden to death. No, go to see them if you *have* to, but don't let them wheedle your justly earned money out of you. They don't deserve it, Luke."

"Oh, well, we'll see about it," King laughed, lightly. "You know old Bruce may kick me out of the house, and if mother stood to him in it

again"—King's eyes were flashing, his lip was drawn tight—"I guess I'd never go back any more, Aunt Ann."

"Old Mark would never send you away if he thought you had money," Ann said, cynically. "If I was you I'd not let them know about that. You see, you could keep them in the dark easily enough, for I've told them absolutely nothing, except that you were getting along fairly well."

King smiled. "They never would think I had much to judge by this suit of clothes," he said. "It is an old knockabout rig I had to splash around in the mud in while out hunting, and I put it on this morning—well, just because I did not want to come back among my poor relatives and friends dressed up as I have been doing in the city, Aunt Ann," he laughed, as if making sport of himself. "I've got a silk high hat as slik as goose-grease, and a long jim-swinger coat, and pants that are always ironed as sharp as a knife-blade in front. I took your advice and decided that a good appearance went a long way, but I don't really think I overdid it."

"I'm glad you didn't put on style in coming back, anyway," Ann said, proudly. "It wouldn't have looked well in you; but you did right to dress like the best where you were, and it had something—a lots, I imagine—to do with your big success. If you want to go in and win in any undertaking, don't think failure for one minute, and the trouble is that shabby clothes are a continual reminder of poverty. Make folks believe at the outset that you are of the best, and then *be* the best."

King was looking down thoughtfully. "There is one trouble," he said, "in making a good appearance, and that comes from the ideas of some as to what sort of man or woman is the best. Before I left Seattle, Aunt Ann, my associates gave me a big dinner at the club—a sort of good-bye affair to drink to my future, you know—and some of the most distinguished men in the State were there, men prominent in the business and political world. And that night, Aunt Ann,"—King had flushed slightly and his voice faltered—"that night a well-meaning man, a sort of society leader, in his toast to me plainly referred to me as a scion of the old Southern aristocracy, and he did it in just such a way as to make it appear to those who knew otherwise that I would be sailing under false colors if I did not correct the impression. He had made a beautiful talk about our old colonial homes, our slaves in livery, our beautiful women, who invariably graced the courts of Europe, and concluded by saying that it was no wonder I had succeeded where many other men with fewer hereditary influences to back them had failed.

"Ah, you *were* in a fix!" Ann said. "That is, it was awkward for you, who I know to be almost too sincere for your own good."

"Well, I couldn't let it pass, Aunt Ann—I simply couldn't let all those men leave that table under a wrong impression. I hardly know what I said when I replied, but it seemed to be the right thing, for they all applauded me. I told him I did not belong to what was generally understood to be the old aristocracy of the South, but to what I considered the new. I told them about our log-cabin aristocracy, Aunt Ann, here in these blue mountains, for which my soul was famished. I told them of the sturdy, hard-working, half-starved mountaineers and their scratching, with dull tools, a bare existence out of this rocky soil. I told them of my bleak and barren boyhood, my heartburnings at home, when my mother married again, the nights I'd spent at study in the light of pine-knots that filled the house with smoke. Then I told them about the grandest woman God ever brought to life. I told them about you, Aunt Ann. I gave

no names, went into no painful particulars, but I talked about what you had done for me, and how you've been persecuted and misunderstood, till I could hardly hold back the tears from my eyes."

"Oh, hush, Luke," Ann said, huskily—"hush up!"

"Well, I may now, but I couldn't that night," said King. "I got started, and it came out of me like a flood. I said things about you that night that I've thought for years, but which you never would let me say to you."

"Hush, Luke, hush—you are a good boy, but you mustn't—" Ann's voice broke, and she placed her hand to her eyes.

"There was a celebrated novelist there," King went on, "and after dinner he came over to me and held out his hand. He was old and white-haired, and his face was full of tender, poetic emotion. 'If you ever meet your benefactress again,' he said, 'tell her I'd give half my life to know her. If I'd known her I could write a book that would be immortal.' "

There was a pause. Ann seemed to be trying to crush out some obstruction to deliberate utterance in her big, throbbing throat.

"If he knew my life just as it has been," she said, finally—"if he knew it all—all that I've been through, all I've thought through it all, from the time I was an innocent, laughing girl till now, as an old woman, I'm fighting a battle of hate with every living soul within miles of me—if he knew all *that*, he could write a book, and it would be a big one. But it wouldn't help humanity, Luke. My hate's mine, and the devil's. It's not for folks born lucky and happy. Some folks seem put on earth for love. I'm put here for hate and for joy over the misfortune of my enemies."

"You know many things, Aunt Ann," King said, softly, "and you are older than I am, but you can't see the end of it all as clearly as I do."

"You think not, my boy?"

"No, Aunt Ann; I have learned that nothing exists on earth except to produce ultimate good. The vilest crime, indirectly, is productive of good. I confidently expect to see the day that you will simply rise one step higher in your remarkable life and learn to love your enemies. Then you'll be understood by them all as I understand you, for they'll then look into your heart, your *real* heart, as I've looked into it ever since you took pity on the friendless, barefoot boy that I was and lifted me out of my degradation and breathed the breath of hope into my despondent body. And when that day comes—mark it as my prediction—you will slay the ill-will of your enemies with a glance from your eye, and they will fall conquered at your feet."

"Huh!" Ann muttered, "you say that because you are just looking at the surface of things. You see, I know a lots that you don't. Things have gone on here and are still going on that nothing earthly could stop."

"That's it, Aunt Ann," Luke King said, seriously—"it won't be anything earthly. It will be *heavenly*, and when the bolt falls you will acknowledge I am right. Now, I must go. It will be about dark when I get to my step-father's."

Ann walked with him to the gate, and as she closed it after him she held out her hand. It was quivering. "You are a good boy, Luke," she said, "but you don't know one hundredth part of what they've said and done since you left. I never wrote you."

"I don't care what they've done or said out of their shallow heads and cramped lives," King laughed—"they won't be able to affect your greater existence. You'll slay it all, Aunt Ann, with forgiveness—yes, and pity. You'll see the day you'll pity them rather than hate them."

"I don't believe it, Luke," Ann said, her lips set firmly, and she turned back into the house. Standing in the doorway, she watched him trudge along the road, carrying his valise easily in his hand and swinging it lightly to and fro.

"What a funny idea!" she mused. "Me forgive Jane Hemingway! The boy talks that way because he's young and full of dreams, and don't know any better. If he was going through what I am he'd hate the whole world and every living thing in it."

She saw him pause, turn, and put his valise down on the side of the road. He was coming back, and she went to meet him at the gate. He came up with a smile.

"The thoughts just struck me," he said, "that you'd be the best adviser in the world as to what I ought to invest my ten thousand in. You never have made a mistake in money matters that I ever heard of, Aunt Ann; but maybe you'd rather not talk about my affairs."

"I don't know why," she said, as she leaned over the gate. "I'll bet that money of yours will worry me some, for young folks these days have no caution in such matters. Ten thousand dollars—why, that is exactly the price—" She paused, her face full of sudden excitement.

"The price of what, Aunt Ann?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Why, the price of the Dickerson farm. It's up for sale. Jerry Dickerson has been wanting to leave here for the last three years, and every year he's been putting a lower and lower price on his big farm and comfortable house and every improvement. His brother's gone into the wholesale grocery business in Chattanooga, and he wants to join him. The property is worth double the money. I wouldn't like to advise you, Luke, but I'd rather see your money in that place than anything else. It would be a guarantee of an income to you as long as you lived."

"I know the place, and it's a beauty," King said, "and I'll run over there and look at it tomorrow, and if it's still to be had I may rake it in. Think of me owning one of the best plantations in the valley—*me*, Aunt Ann, your barefoot, adopted son."

Ann's head was hanging low as she walked back to the cottage door.

"'Adopted son,'" she repeated, tenderly. "As God is my Judge, I—I believe he's the only creature alive on this broad earth that I love. Yes, I love that boy. What strange, sweet ideas he has picked up! Well, I hope he'll always be able to keep them. I had plenty of them away back at his age. My unsullied faith in mankind was the tool that dug the grave of my happiness. Poor, blind boy! he may be on the same road. He may see the day that all he believes in now will crumble into bitter powder at his touch. I wonder if God can really be *all*-powerful. It seems strange that what is said to be the highest good in this life is doing exactly what He, Himself, has failed to do—to keep His own creatures from suffering. That really *is* odd."

Chapter XIV.

Luke King was hot, damp with perspiration, and covered with the red dust of the mountain road when he reached the four-roomed cabin of his step-father among the stunted pines and gnarled wild cedars.

Old Mark Bruce sat out in front of the door. He wore no shoes nor coat, and his hickory shirt and trousers had been patched many times. His gray hair was long, sunburned, and dyed with the soil, and the corrugated skin of his cheeks and neck was covered with long hairs. As his step-son came into view from behind the pine-pole pig-pen, the old man uttered a grunt of surprise that brought to the doorway two young women in unadorned homespun dresses, and a tall,

"KING'S HEART SANK AS HE LOOKED AROUND HIM IN THE DIM LIGHT."

lank young man in his shirt sleeves. It was growing dark, and they all failed to recognize the new-comer.

"I suppose you have forgotten me," King said, as he put his valise on a wash-bench by a tub of suds and a piggin of lye soap.

"By Jacks, it's Luke King!" After that ejaculation of the old man he and the others stared speechlessly.

"Yes, that's who I am," continued King. "How do you do, Jake?" (to the tall young man in the doorway). "We might as well shake hands for the sake of old times. You girls have grown into women since I left. I've stayed away a long time and seen a lot of the world, but I've always wanted to get back. Where is mother?"

Neither of the girls could summon up the courage to answer, and, as they gave him their stiff hands, they seemed under stress of great embarrassment.

"She's poorly," said the old man, inhospitably keeping his seat. "She's had a hurtin' in 'er side from usin' that thar battlin'stick too much on dirty clothes, hoein' corn an' one thing an' another, an' a cold settled on her chest. Mary, go tell yore ma her son's turned up at last. Huh, all of us, except her, thought you was dead an' under ground! She's always contended you was alive an' had a job somers that was payin' enough to feed an' clothe you. How's times been a-servin' you?"

"Pretty well." King removed his valise from the bench and took its place wearily.

"Is that so? Things is worse than ever here. Whar have you been hangin' out?"

"Seattle was the last place," King answered. "I've worked in several towns since I left here."

"Huh, about as I expected! An' I reckon you hain't got much to show fer it except what you got on your back an' in that carpet-bag."

"That's about all."

"What you been followin'?"

"Doing newspaper work," replied the young man, coloring.

"I 'lowed you might keep at that. You used to git a dollar a day at Canton, I remember. Married?"

"No."

"Hain't able to support a woman, I reckon. Well, you've showed a great lot of good sense thar; a feller of the wishy-washy, drift-about sort, like you, can sorter manage to shift fer hisself ef he hain't hampered by a pack o' children an' a sick woman."

At this juncture Mary returned. She flushed as she caught King's expectant glance. She spoke to her father.

"She said tell 'im to come in thar."

Luke went into the front room and turned thence into a small chamber adjoining. It was windowless and dark, the only light filtering indirectly through the front room. On a low, narrow bed, beneath a ladder leading to a trap-door above, lay a woman.

"Here I am, Luke," she cried out, warningly. "Don't stumble over that pan o' water. I've been takin' a hot mustard foot-bath to try and get my blood warm. I have chilly spells every day about this time. La me! How you take me by surprise! I've prayed for little else in many a year, an' was just about to give up. I took a little hope from some'n' old Ann Boyd said one day about you bein' well and employed somers out West, but then I met Jane Hemingway, an' she gives me the blues. She 'lowed that old Ann just pretended you was doin' well to convince folks she'd made no mistake in sendin' you to school. But, thank God, here you are, alive, anyway."

"Yes, I'm as sound as a new dollar, mother." His foot came in contact with a three-legged stool in the darkness, and he recognized it as an old friend and drew it to the head of her bed and sat down. He took one of her hard, thin hands and bent over

her. Should he kiss her? She had not taught him to do so as a child, and he had never done it later in his youth, not even when he had left home, but he had been out in the world and grown wiser. He had seen other men kiss their mothers, and his heart had ached. With his hand on her hard, withered cheek he turned her face towards him and pressed his lips to hers. She was much surprised, and drew herself from him instinctively, and wiped her mouth with a corner of the coverlet, but he knew she was pleased.

"Why, Luke!" she said, quickly, "what on earth do you mean? Have you gone plumb crazy?"

"I wanted to kiss you, that's all," he said, awkwardly. They both were silent for a moment, then she spoke, tremblingly: "You always was womanish and tender-like; it don't harm anybody, though; none o' the rest in this family are that way. But my stars! I can't tell a bit how you look in this pitch dark. Mary! oh, Mary!"

"What you want, ma?" The nearness of the speaker in the adjoining room betrayed the fact that she had been listening.

"I can't see my hand before me," answered the old woman. "I wish you'd fetch a light here. You'll find a stub of a candle in the clock under the turpentine bottle. I hid it thar so as to have some'n' to read the Book with Sunday night if any preacher happened to drop in to hold family worship."

The girl lighted the bit of tallow-dip and braced it upright in a cracked teacup with some bits of stone. She brought it in, placed it on a dry-goods box filled with cotton-seed and ears of corn, and shambled out. King's heart sank, as he looked around him in the dim light. The room was only a lean-to shed walled with slabs driven into the ground and floored with puncheons. The bedstead was a crude, wooden frame, supported by perpendicular saplings fastened to floor and rafters. The irregular cracks in the wall were filled with mud, rags and newspapers. Bunches of dried herbs, roots, and red peppers hung above his head, and piles of clothing, earth-dryed and worn to shreds, and agricultural implements lay about indiscriminately. Disturbed by the light, a hen flew from her nest behind a dismantled cloth-loom, and with a loud cackling ran out at the door. There was a square cat-hole in the wall, and through it a lank, half-starved cat crawled and came purring and rubbing against the young man's ankle.

The old woman shaded her eyes and gazed at him eagerly. "You hain's altered so overly much," she observed, " 'cept your skin looks mighty fair fer a man, and yore hands feel soft."

Then she lowered her voice into a cautious whisper, and glanced furtively towards the door. "You favor your father—I don't mean Mark, but your own daddy. You are as like him as can be. He helt his head that away, an' had yore habit o' being gentle with women folks. You've got his high temper, too. La me! that last night you was at home, an' Mark cussed you an' kicked yore writin'-paper in the fire, I didn't sleep a wink. I thought you'd gone off to borrow a gun. It was almost a relief to know you'd left, kase I seed you an' him couldn't git along. Your father was a different sort of a man, Luke, and sometimes I miss 'im sharp. He loved books and study like you do. He had good blood in 'im; his father was a teacher an' circuit rider. I don't know why I married Mark, unless it was kase I was afraid of bein' sent to the poor farm, but, la, me! this is about as bad."

There was a low whimper in her voice, and the lines about her mouth had tightened. King's breast heaved, and he suddenly put out his hand and began to stroke her thin, gray hair.

A strange, restful feeling stole over him. The spell was on her, too; she closed he eyes and a satisfied smile lighted her wan face. Then her lips began to quiver, and she quickly turned her face from him.

"I'm a simpleton," she sobbed, "but I can't help it. Nobody hain't petted me nor tuck on over me a bit since your pa died. I never treated you right, neither, Luke. I ort never to 'a' let Mark run over you like he did."

"Never mind that," King said. "He and I have already made friends; but you must not lie in this dingy hole; you need medicine, and good, warm food."

"Oh, I'm goin' to git up," she answered lightly. "I'm not sick, Luke. I jest laid down awhile to rest. I have to do this nearly every evening. I must git the house straight. Mary an' Jane hain't no hands at house-work 'thout I stand right over 'em, an' Jake an' his pa is continually a-fussin. I feel stronger already. If you'll go in t'other room I'll rise. They'll never fix you nothin' to eat nor nowhar to sleep. I reckon you'll have to lie with Jake, like you used to, till I can fix better. Things has been in an awful mess since I got so porely."

He went into the front room. The old man had brought his hand-bag in. He had placed it in a chair and opened it and was cooly inspecting the contents in the firelight. Jake and the two girls stood looking on. King stared at the old man, but the latter did not seem at all abashed.

"Huh," he said, "you seem to be about as well stocked with little tricks as a notion peddler—five or six pair o' striped socks and no end o' collars; them things folded under the shirts looks like another suit o' clothes. I reckon you have had a good job if you carry two outfits around. Though I *have* heard of printin'-men that went off owin' accounts here an' yan."

"I paid what I owed before I left," King said, with an effort at lightness as he closed the valise and put it into a corner.

In a few minutes his mother came in. She blew out the candle, and as she crossed to the mantelpiece she carefully extinguished the smoking wick with her fingers. The change in her was more noticeable to her son than it had been when she was reclining. She looked very frail in her faded black cotton gown. Somehow, bent as she was, she seemed shorter than of old, more cowed and hopeless. Her shoes were worn through, and her bare feet showed through the holes.

"Mary," she asked, "have you put on the supper?"

"Yes'm, but it hain't tuck up yet." The girl went into the next room, which was used at once for cooking and dining, and her mother followed her. In a few minutes the old woman came to the door.

"Walk out, all of you," she said, wearily. "Luke, it seems funny to make company of you, but somehow I can't treat you like the rest. You'll have to make out with what is set before you, though hog meat is mighty scarce this year. Just at fattenin'-time our pigs took the cholera an' six laid down in the swamp in one day and died. Pork is fetchin' fifteen cents a pound in town, and mighty few will sell on a credit."

(*To Be Continued.*)

Popsie's Girlie.

By J. Herrington Beynon, M. D.

One day,
On a quiet street I chanced to meet
  A dear little "tot" in blue.
Said she with glee, "You don't know me,—
  But I—knows—you!"

This dear little maid held a little sunshade
  Right jauntily over her head;
As she tripped along she lisped a song;
  And this is what she said:

"I h-a-s a dollie, an' 'er name i-s Pollie,
* But we can't go out t' p-l-a-y*
Boo-boo-eyes an' make mud p-i-e-s!
* 'Cause I's all dressed u-p t' day."*

Thus she danced around in her little blue gown,
  And a picture sure was she
From her big blue eyes to her little blue ties—
  My winsome lady wee!

(Just a little girl
Some one's little pearl;
Baby voice a-singing;
Tiny fingers clinging
So tight to mine;

Curly head a-tossing;
Golden hair a-flossing;
Elfin feet a-dancing;
Roguish eyes a-glancing
Up into mine.

Rosy face a-smiling;
All the while beguiling,
So happy, so chatty,
So chic and so natty,
Wished she were mine!)

Said I to the sprite, "What little mite?
  Whose little girl are you?"
Then she hid her little face in the sunshade's lace,
  And softly answered through;

"I's Popsie's girlie, an' Mama's girlie;
  But Mama's gone away—
Gone up in de skies!—an' Popsie cries,
  An' says, 'we's goin' some day."

"Yes, I's Popsie's girlie,
  An' Mama's girlie,
An' oh, I'll tel' y'r true!
  If you is good, I knows I could
Be yo' lit'l' girlie too!"

My Experience as a Beggar.

TO THE reader it will make little difference as to my real identity. Full disclosure thereof would be made here but for the seeming wisdom of saying some things about myself which would be embarrassing if said over my real name. Suffice it to say that the Hon. "Private" John Allen has credited me with coming "of good stock." My parents gave me the benefit of three scholastic courses, one of which was in a widely known theological seminary. This professional course was finished twenty-one years ago. Since then I have served sixteen years as pastor—six of them in Denver, Colo. Special services have been rendered my denomination and the cause of Christianity in connection with Christian education, Sunday School institutes, and Chautauqua management. For five years my attention has been turned entirely to the work of an evangelist, in which capacity I have labored from Pennsylvania to California, and from Texas to Illinois. Some of my friends have been kind enough to credit me with a rather enviable record in my professional service. My income has reached as high as $3,000 per annum. I have been received into the best and most palatial homes of this continent, and addressed audiences in several of the largest cities of the Union. But with all this, I have been, and still am, a beggar. The common beggar begs for himself. My begging has been for others. If the auto-beggar has a harder time begging than I have had, and still am having, I pity him from the depths of my soul.

Necessity forces many an unfortunate to approach his more fortunate fellowman for help. The necessity in many cases is simply ignorance of a better way. Even so, necessity has pressed the writer into the painful attitude of a beggar. A word of explanation may be in place:

1. In order to complete my university course I was forced to pull a bell cord, receiving $10.00 per month as compensation therefor. While my pride was somewhat humbled at the time, I have since looked upon this necessity as a blessing in disguise. It has served to put me in full sympathy with the young man who is financially embarrassed while thirsting for an education.

2. Having taken my university course in a mountain city, the damp climate of the river valley in which I immediately took my theological course left me physically impaired, and consequently years of suffering from catarrh, tonsilitis, bronchitis, hay fever and asthma ensued. Thus residence in the Rocky Mountain region seemed imperative. For four years I have, therefore, lived in the arid climate of New Mexico. Making the best of a necessity, I have devoted my spare time to the closest possible study of existing conditions. The great American desert which Webster declared useless, was, on the contrary, made for some wise purpose. It is now serving as a natural, national sanitarium. Physicians all over the United States are sending their malarial, bronchial, asthmatic, and tuberculosis patients to New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado. Many of these come when it is altogether too late. Among the sufferers from such physical infirmities are thousands of young men and women who, like myself, must seek a high altitude and a

dry atmosphere in which to complete their education, or go forth into the fight of life unequipped for the battle and find the odds against them. Not only so; there are literally thousands of young people who are from humble homes of poverty, yet rich in aspirations for an education. How can they satisfy this ambition for learning? They simply cannot command home help. A few of them find a place in a university as I did, for there are such places in every university, college and seminary. But the great majority of them knock at the door of learning to have it shut again in their despairing faces.

With these two classes in mind and burdening sympathetic hearts, my wife and I began to formulate plans to turn the fine air, fertile soil and superior irrigation facilities of New Mexico into a door of hope for the physically infirm and financially impaired. Ourselves the victims of poverty, what could we do? Having taken up some Government land, which was our sole stock in trade, we decided to share that with suffering humanity. This decision made, forty acres of this land was set aside as a nucleus, this and all other donations to be handled by a board of directors. The next donation was one thousand acres of land, after which my begging began in earnest. I approached a wealthy banker in Fort Worth, Texas, whom I had known for years, and who was a member of the same church as myself. He had several years before laid to rest a very promising and dearly beloved son. The proposition presented him and his wife was the erection of a monument to that young saint's name by a gift from the parents of only $5,000, in consideration of which the proposed self-help school should bear the full name of the departed son. After due deliberation, during which the beggar was most hopeful, there came a negative answer as follows: "Fort Worth, Tex., Feb. 1906. Dear Brother:—After careful consideration of the opportunity which you have offered us to take part in founding the self-help school you propose, my wife and I have decided that we can not avail ourselves of this privilege. There are other institutions nearer home claiming our attention, and we feel that we should first consider their needs and urgent calls.

Very kindly,
Mr. and Mrs. ————."

Nothing daunted, I proceeded to address a letter to United States Senator, Joseph W. Bailey, who attended the law department of the university in which I took my theological course. Mr. Bailey was exceedingly courteous in his reply, and referred most tenderly to our past association but begged to state that he was inundated with similar calls from his fellow citizens of the Lone Star State, and felt that he must confine his benefactions to the State that had placed him under obligations to herself. Here was failure number two.

On a certain tour of evangelism in the South, the beggar had met with an old lady who had one foot in the grave but both hands in the bank making her big deposits. Knowing she had not a child to succeed to her fortune, and having been entertained under her hospitable roof, and knowing that she had helped another worthy cause, I dared to write this ancient mother in Israel for a few thousand wherewith to enable suffering young people to complete their college course in a self-help school, located in the natural sanitarium of the West. From that letter no echo has ever come.

While in Denver I had known very well a man by the name of Clark who was a millionaire, and who, strange to say, was a member of the Salvation Army. There he was truly an autocrat, as if the leader in some "Central" or "First" church of the city. Money dictates everywhere. But his wife was a member of my church, and to this dear old couple, the one far past three score and ten, the other

pressing on thence, I made a most earnest appeal. They had given several years before $10,000 toward a school in South Africa, and this fact became my constant stimulus to hope and expectation. Day by day passed without the coveted favorable reply. They were old, and I must give them ample time—and I did, for I am still waiting, after two years!

A new idea possessed me: I would write to the *Christian Herald*—they are always sympathetic toward suffering humanity. Any disaster, whether home or foreign, touches their kind hearts. So I wrote—the reply was pleasing and promising. They would put the self-help school petition on their list, and in due time it should come up for consideration. While the "due time" is maturing, the beggar is in the school of patience!

Then there was William Randolph Hearst—I did not know him, but his father and mother lived next door neighbors to my mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary H. Johnson, in Dent county, Missouri, before they, Mr. George and Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, moved to California. He had inherited a vast fortune and stood at the head of a larger number of daily papers than any other man in America. He could spend $65,000 on an election and lose. He was seemingly glad to rig out a boat and put it into humanitarian service during the Spanish-American War. He seemed to have a heart beating in sympathy with suffering humanity—I would write him. Within a fortnight a reply came, signed by his polite secretary, actually thanking me in behalf of Mr. Hearst who was not then in the city, for having called his attention to the self-help school in which I was interested. What else could this mean, but that on Mr. Hearst's return to the city, his secretary would call attention to the letter for which thanks had been offered, and in due time the big paper man would come to the rescue? Perhaps the secretary forgot, or maybe Mr. Hearst became so engrossed in the exciting gubernatorial race that he overlooked the matter for which his secretary had extended thanks.

About this time the name of William Jennings Bryan came again on every lip—some for and others against its owner. He was mentioned in the daily press as having given, a year or two ago, five or ten thousand dollars to an Illinois college. At the same time it was said that he made $40,000 in one season, lecturing. His *Commoner*, in its very name suggests, if it does not stand for, "the under dog"—the plain people. The man's public utterances, too, smack of sympathy for humanity. His prominence and his principles have joined hands to render his publication popular with a class of readers, so that he must be making much money out of his paper. Then he resides in the West; furthermore, he is a member of the same church as the beggar, and was, like the beggar, once a Cumberland Presbyterian—why not write to him? He could speak beautifully and winningly at Winona Lake, Ind. assembly on "The Prince of Peace," for the beggar heard him. The Prince of Peace had put into the beggar's heart the proposed school; it was by His spirit in our bosoms that we were willing to set aside forty acres of our 120, deed it to a board of trustees, and become further helpers as fast as we could toward establishing an institution in which we should not have a dollar of stock—wanted none. Surely here was our opportunity.

I wrote on behalf of my good wife and myself as the founders of the self-help school and went so far as to beg Mr. Bryan's secretary not to intercept the letter, but to at least allow it to reach Mr. Bryan himself, but here is the reply:

LINCOLN, NEB., Oct. 1906.

"Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 22d inst., directed to Mr. W. J. Bryan, received. I beg to say in reply that

he receives so many letters similar to yours that he finds it impossible to comply with such requests. Trusting that you will appreciate the heavy demands upon him and not misconstrue his failure to aid in this case, I am,

Very truly yours,
A. E. George, Secretary.

Then the Goulds—they have had their serious troubles; troubles usually render people kind and sympathetic, when the exact reverse does not obtain. Besides, Miss Helen Gould has shown herself a benefactress to suffering and needy humanity. Why not appeal to her? Helping on the education of unborn generations would be a worthy work, appealing to her great heart of love and kindness. The letter was written, and here is the secretary's reply:

Tarrytown, N. Y., Oct. 1906.

"Dear Sir:—Your kind letter of October 22nd addressed to Miss Gould, written in the interest of a school building at a cost of ten thousand dollars, to accommodate one hundred pupils in a self-help school for sufferers from poverty and physical infirmity has been duly received. I trust you will pardon this acknowledgment coming by the hand of her secretary, as Miss Gould is now abroad on an extended trip.

Miss Gould is much interested in all good work for children and contributes to this cause through various channels. She is overwhelmed with appeals upon her sympathy and resources, as you can readily judge by glancing at the enclosed list which I take the liberty of enclosing; many of these are turned aside with a heavy heart, because it is utterly impossible to respond favorably to all the demands made upon her, however worthy they may be. I very much regret that, with the ocean between us, it will not be possible for me to present the subject of your letter for Miss Gould's consideration, and can only hope through the friends of this endeavor for children elsewhere, the need may be met.

Regretting this disappointing reply believe me,

Very truly,
Lillian A. Hainell."

Everybody knows that Russell Sage is dead, and nearly everybody has learned through the papers that his aged wife was left the sole disposer of his many millions. It is also well understood that this money-burdened widow is quite aged and must dispense with her fortune quickly, or leave it for others to fuss over. She has been reported as favoring generous aid to educational institutions. Why not address her on the subject of our proposed self-help school? We hope she got our letter—our begging appeal. One thing, however, we do know, we never received a reply to the letter sent to her.

My letter to the venerable Dr. D. K. Pearson of Chicago seemed to smite him with a similar paralysis of pen or tongue, for neither an autograph letter nor secretary's typewritten epistle came in response to my appeal. Being in Chicago later request was made to see Dr. Pearson, but a gruff, big, beefy looking buffer sat between the Doctor and the beggar, and the face to face interview was averted.

In this same connection, be it said, an effort was made at the same time to see Mr. Phil Armour, but the President of the United States sits no more securely fortified in the White House than does Phil Armour in his tainted meat house. Even the President's investigation and exposure did not prize apart the pork packer's private office door the slightest. Ordinary mortals under censure make at least slight efforts to retrieve themselves, but they of the moneyocrasy need not so to do—they are self-sustaining.

A rather funny thing happened in this same hard-hearted Chicago. The writer knew fairly well the President of a "First National" Western bank who makes his home in Chicago. This

man is more than a millionaire, and has made considerable part of his fortune in that part of the West contiguous to the locality of the proposed self-help school. Thus it seemed the wise thing to do to call up the rich president and ask for an interview. Getting his ear over the phone, his first blunt question was, "What do you want to see me about?" "O, a matter of mutual interest," was my evasive reply. "Well, please state the nature of the business," the rich man insisted. This request precipitated a candid statement, and an hour was agreed upon for the conference. Of course I was in my hotel even before the time, and was hardly surprised when the bell boy announced that I was wanted at the telephone; nor was I shocked when informed by the President of the "First National" that urgent business called him to St. Louis that evening, hence much to his regret (?) he could not see me! (How relieved he must have been).

The newspapers are always poking fun at Mrs. Hettie Green. She is known all over the Nation as "the stingiest woman in America;" as well as one of the wealthiest. I could hardly believe that Mrs. Green deserved all the uncomplimentary things said about her. I considered her simply eccentric and nothing more. Believing that all people are in some way and to some extent peculiar, I decided the world did not understand Mrs. Green, and if she was rightly approached her woman's heart would reveal a woman's nature. Thus I undertook to find the secret spring to her better self. I dealt frankly with her. The first sentence of my letter read: "I understand you are considered the stingiest woman in America, but if I really thought so I would not now be addressing you as I am." Then I proceeded to appeal to the woman instinct. I led her to see that I had confidence in her generosity, when properly approached, and would have until she disabused my mind of its delusion—and she did! Not with tongue or pen, but by silence. Months have passed away without one word of reply. Even a woman can become accustomed to anything. Mrs. Green was asked for only $3,000.00 with which to drill an artesian well on the forty acres donated by us for the site of the proposed school. There is no doubt of getting the water at a depth of 750 feet—but that would drill too deep into Mrs. Green's pocket-book.

A short time before the death of President Yoakum's father it was my pleasure to call on that aged gentleman, himself a Cumberland Presbyterian minister. Three years ago I was in Los Angeles and enjoyed a visit to the home of the President's brother, Dr. Yoakum, and there again met the aged mother of the President. Very naturally these personal associations, in connection with President Yoakum's phenomenal advancement both in fame and fortune, led me to consider writing him. My first letter was replied to in a courteous tone, but expressed much regret that the President did not feel able at that time to aid me in my laudable undertaking. After waiting about 18 months, during which time the Railroad Magnate had grown in both influence and affluence, I dared to write again and to suggest a monument to his sainted father in the form of a $10,000.00, or even $5,000.00 contribution to the proposed industrial and domestic school in consideration of which donation the proposed school should be named "Yoakum Institute." From this letter, written months ago, the beggar has never had a line.

These are a few of the beggar's experiences. There are others—in two senses, other experiences *of* mine, and other experiences *than* mine. One wonders about the other side of this begging business. Miss Gould is kind enough to soften the hardness of her refusals by sending you a list of her average weekly appeals for help. The

sum total is $1,548,502.00. This gives us some inkling of the annoyances the rich experience. But if other appeals cause them no more trouble than mine have (the time of a paid secretary, a sheet of paper and an envelope) their worry is but slight. Indeed, some of the rich appealed to by me did not spend their own, or their secretary's time in replying. What use they made of the two cent stamp enclosed for a reply, I have never learned. I at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I have added something to their fortunes, if only a two cent stamp.

A few observations in closing may not be out of order:

1. The begging has been done entirely in the interest of others. Not one cent of financial interest do the promoters have in the proposed school.

2. In no case have large amounts been requested. In one instance $3,000.00 was asked wherewith to drill an artesian well to supply water for the institution. The party, Mrs. Hetty Green has never even offered a courteous reply.

3. The beggars have of their poverty set the pace, and simply asked the rich to join hands with the poor in helping posterity to an education not to be secured elsewhere or otherwise.

4. Both sexes have been appealed to and in all cases the parties (except Miss Gould and Mr. Hearst) have passed forty years of age and have become sobered and settled by years of experience.

5. In every case the fullest explanations were made as to the proposed school, it being shown that by the payment of $60.00 tuition annually, each student could work out his educational salvation by serving at odd hours in the kitchen, dining room, sewing room, cannery, printery, laundry, poultry yard, apiary, alfalfa field, orchard, stock farm, etc. etc. Then each person approached was led to see that in addition to the education of the mind, the hands were to be trained in domestic science and practical life, so that a well-rounded, symmetrical character should be the product of the school.

6. Some new features, too, were hinted at, such as dormitory units, or miniature college families, rather than great dormitories in which students are huddled together. Each cottage to be kept the cleanest and neatest by the pupils themselves. two physicians in charge, a gentleman for the boys, and a lady for the girls, and each student examined on entrance and periodically thereafter. Also lectures from time to time on the care of the body, the laws of health, emergency remedies, etc. etc.

7. If rich people are not willing to give a few thousand of their millions towards the establishing of a college on a plan to supplement every school in the land, a college proposing to take such physically infirm or financially impaired pupils as other schools do not seek, and to be operated on a basis capable of developing body, mind and morals, and that in plain buildings, and at the least possible cost, to what will they contribute? Is one forced to feel that the giving of the rich is solely to get greater fortune or further fame? All sorts of curious notions have been running through my "noggin" as I have for nearly two years sought in vain to find one rich man or woman ready to even ask time in which to thoroughly investigate the beggar and his plans. What to do next I do not know, *but I shall do.* In the language of Wm. Loyd Garrison: "I am in earnest; . . . I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."

A. Beggar.

Educational Department.

Absorbing Paper Issues.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thompson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: Will you kindly answer the following questions in your JEFFERSONIAN magazine?

1. At the close of the Civil War, how long would it have taken for the tariff and internal revenue taxes to have absorbed the paper money issued to "save the Union?"

2. Can any man give a valid reason why this Government should issue an interest bearing bond?

Yours for Government money,
OLIVER S. JONES.

ANSWER.

1. We do not understand the question. Tariff duties could not be paid in paper money, but were expressly payable in coin. Therefore the tariff never could have directly absorbed the paper money.

With the internal revenue the case was different. Not only were the taxes on whiskey, tobacco, etc., payable in paper money, but also the income tax, manufacturer's tax, and the taxes on insurance companies, express companies and banks. Had not these latter taxes been speedily repealed, the internal revenue duties could have absorbed the paper money in less than ten years.

2. None whatever. For this Government—the richest ever known,—to mortgage itself to a lot of Shylocks is one of the most amazing instances of class-rule favoritism that could be mentioned. Anybody who studies the constantly increasing recklessness of the appropriations of Congress, must come to realize that there is a profound policy at the bottom of it. The money power must have some excuse for keeping the Government under mortgage: therefore, SPEND all the money that comes into the treasury. *Dont*, whatever you do! DONT pay off the bonds, which keep the Government mortgaged to Wall street!

Congress and Money.

Dayton, Tenn., March 5, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thompson, Ga.

DEAR SIR:—Will wou be so kind as to answer the following questions through the next number of your very excellent magazine.

1. How do you account for the fact that the framers of the Constitution did not empower Congress, and make it obligatory upon that body, to supply the people with a sufficient amount of supplementary legal tender paper money for all legitimate purposes of trade and commerce? They knew, of course, there was not, and would not be metallic money enough to supply the wants of the people; then how did it come that they did not make direct provision for this, one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest need of a sovereign nation?

When the thirteen States, by their delegates, met in convention to form a new and sovereign government, they denied the right to themselves, (that is to the States) "to coin money, or to make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in the payment of debts;" but they bestowed these powers upon Congress, we suppose, because they intended to give Congress, or the National Government, sovereign power over the money question.

We believe that Congress, under the grants given in the Constitution has ample power to emit bills of credit endowed with the full legal tender function, as the United States Supreme court has decided, but still the question recurs, why did not the "fathers" give Congress sovereign power to provide for a full legal tender circulating medium? Was it because a majority of the delegates were distrustful of paper money and failed to distinguish between the issuing of paper money by an irresponsible party and the issuing of such money by a responsible, sovereign power, backed up and sustained by all the productions and wealth of the nation?

Where can I obtain a reliable history or account of the proceedings of the convention that framed the constitution of the United States?

I have been much interested in the money question, for several years, and of late years have been reading the N. Y. *Tom Watson Magazine* with profit. But I suppose it has suspended, as I have not received anything later than December, although there are still ten months due me. I have just made arrangements for taking your JEFFERSONIAN Tom Watson, as I do not feel like doing without it.

Yours very truly,
WEBSTER THOMAS.

ANSWER.

1. The framers of the Constitution of 1787 knew that they would encounter great opposition to the adoption of their work when they went before the people and told them that instead of carrying out their instructions and amending the "Articles of Confederation," they had framed an entirely new Constitution. Therefore, they had to be cautious, and to avoid the danger of arousing *too much* antagonism. Had the Convention proposed to give to the Federal government, in express terms, the power to issue legal tender paper money, nothing is more certain than that the powerful influence of the capitalists of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore would have been thrown into the scales *against the new Constitution.*

The "Committee on Detail" reported to the Convention a clause granting Congress the right to emit bills on the Credit of the United States. Mr. Madison favored such bills, though he suggested that they should not be made legal tender. Governor Morris, of New York, opl posed the whole thing, and declared, *"The monied interest* will oppose the plan of government, *if paper emissions be not prohibited."*

Our correspondent cannot do better than to order the book called, *"The Legal Tender Problems,"* by Percy Kinnaird, of the Nashville bar. It is full of just the information Mr. Thomas seeks.

The War "Fiat" Money.

Walden, Mass., Feb. 16, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thompson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: A man is lecturing on various subjects in New York this winter, and on my last visit to that city I heard him expound on paper money. He told what seemed to me to be just what he was paid to tell, and no more. I spoke to him after his well illustrated exposition of paper money—neglecting purposely I think, to mention that 60 millions "——??" of Lincoln,—about *that* issue. He admitted that he *had heard,* and would tell "us" about it in a later lecture. He has failed to do so, however. It has been some ten to thirteen years ('93 and '96) since I was aroused from the sleep of dope, such as is causing the peace and repose of the great common people, to realization, and in that time I have forgotten the full particulars of that issue, and as I wish to be loaded for bear, Teddys or otherwise, when next I meet this slick Alek of Wall street inspiration, I beg you to print in your next

issue a full account of that full legal tender issued in stress of war, which as I recollect brought $1.20 in England. I fully believe if this people knew more about legal tender greenbacks, that they are in fact a first mortgage lien on all the wealth of this, the richest country, they would melt down the "golden calf."

I am a constant reader of your very valuable and excellent magazine, and an ex-delegate to the St. Louis convention of '96.

F. S. HAMMOND.

March 16, 1907.

I sent this to New York, as I did not then know of your split. Now the New York issue has suspended, so I send this to you. What I am trying to get at is this: I. Donnelly, Esq., in his book "American Peoples Money" lays great stress on that 60 million which Lincoln issued in '62, I think. I wish you would give the world a history of it (again), as it can do only good, and people generally do not understand the first principles of money. Also can you tell me who the publisher of Donnelly's book was, or where I can get another copy? Respectfully,

F. S. HAMMOND.

ANSWER.

In the reply to the question of Mr. Turner, of St. Louis, will be found the material facts. There were $50,000,000 of the demand notes issued in the summer of 1861. In the early part of 1862, $10,000,000 more were put out. Then the New York, Philadelphia and Boston bankers "sat up and took notice." They also "got busy," and began to spread their bird lime. The result was that in the summer of 1862 Congress authorized the issue of greenbacks, which were legal tender *except* in payment of interest on bonds and of custom house duties. The interest on the bonds was payable in "coin." Custom house duties had to be paid in "coin." Therefore the net result of the new law was that the Government demanded "coin" at the ports in order to have "coin" for the bondholders. All other citizens and all other debts and dues had to be content with greenbacks.

The Demand Notes ($60,000,000) which was equivalent to "coin," *for all purposes,* without any exception whatever, never sank below a parity with gold and silver.

The proposition is simple enough: *Whenever the law of any government makes its paper currency equivalent to its coin currency, the two will circulate as equals in that country as long as that government is solvent.*

This maxim is disputed, *honestly,* only by those who have been duped by designing financiers who have axes to grind.

No Discount on Government Money.

St. Louis, Mo.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thompson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: In discussing the question with a bank official of this city, I claimed that there had never been any discount on the fiat money issued under Lincoln, and "receivable for all dues, private and public," but that when the notes, reading "receivable for all debts, public and private, except for duties on imports and interest on bonds" were issued, then paper money began to decline.

Am I correct, and how high did specie go? Has there ever been any discount on these *first-mentioned greenbacks,* either before or after they were locked up in the treasury?

Did Venico issue a fiat money, or, as bankers claim, only exchange drafts?

Did France ever issue strictly a fiat money, or was it encumbered by some depreciating clause? If so, why was it a failure?

You will kindly answer these questions through your magazine, as I am persuaded that money men earnestly

desiring the truth are still ignorant of these matters, even in this day of expositions. Yours very truly,

HATCH TURNER.

ANSWER.

Under the act of Congress, of July 17, 1861, $60,000,000 of treasury notes were issued by the Government. These notes bore no interest, and were payable in coin on demand. Hence, they are known as the "Demand Notes." They were sold at par and never were at a discount, for the reason that they could be used in the place of coin for all purposes.

These notes interfered with the plans of the great Northern banks, and they were gathered up by these bankers, presented for redemption in coin, and thus driven out of circulation.

It was in 1862 that the bankers forced their compromise plans upon the Government, and the the greenbacks were issued, handicapped by th eexception clause. As soon as the Government yielded to the demands of the bankers and *discredited its own notes* by saying that they would *not* be received by the Government in payment of certain public debts or dues, they sank below par.

Thus, *coin* was put above *paper money* by act of Congress; consequently specie went to a premium.

As long as the citizen can do the same things with paper dollars that he can do with gold and silver dollars, the paper money will remain at par. *Common sense* teaches THAT; so does *experience*. The only reason why our Government does not supplement its coin currency with paper currency is that the bankers want to enjoy, for themselves, the power and profit of issuing the paper money.

2. From 1171 to 1423, the Bank of Venice (a government bank) supplied the commercial world with a currency system founded upon transfer of credits on the books of the bank. As the credit was *a governmental debt to the holder of the credit*, a transfer of the same, on the books of the bank was, in effect, the sale of a government bond by one person to another. But in 1423 the legal tender quality was given to these transfers, and therefor the holder of the credit was thereafter put in the position of one who now holds, under our own Government, a gold certificate. The bank credits became money, for all practical purposes. Thus operated, the Bank of Venice continued in business until Napoleon's invasion of Italy in 1797. *He* was a hard money man, and he smashed the Bank in short order.

3. The Assignats of France were issued as a part of the Revolutionary land-policy, and were, virtually, what we would call "Land Warrants." (See "Watson's *Story of France*," 2nd Volume.) The paper money of the French revolution failed, just as the coin currency would have failed —because the government failed. Gold and silver are worthless, *as legal tender coins*, after the failure of the government issuing them. When the law-making power which turned gold and silver and copper into money goes to pieces, the coins become mere commodities, as they were *before* the law took them up and breathed into them the breath of life, *as money*.

Plymouth, Ind., March 16, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thompson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: I take the liberty to say to you that we are of very small numbers in this "neck o' the woods;" though small in numbers we are always found voting for Thomas and the babies. You are our great leader. I am a subscriber to your weekly and would like to take your magazine, but am not able; and as a subscriber I have a question to ask through your paper. Are we on a single gold standard? I will take the negative. At first asking they invariably say "Yes." But let us hear your rea-

sons, and then I will make my denial. This is a question shamefully misrepresented. I do not deny that gold is a standard ever since our first issuing of money in the United States. The law is a dead letter on our statute books. Any person reading this can reply in next number, and I will make my defense; but don't all speak at once. Yours for a fight for our rights,

DAVID YEAGLEY.

ANSWER.

(Yes, we are on a single gold standard, and it is *on* us. T. E. W.)

JEFFERSON.

By M. E. Henry-Ruffin.

O Seer of human hope! whose vision fine,
  Its goal of aspiration could embrace;
And narrow not the noble generous line
  Wherein a Nation found full freedom's space.

Thine the strong word and thine the glowing thought
  That waked to life the slumbering giant soul;
And on the stormy, cloud-cast heavens wrought
  The dawn that flashed from thy immortal Scroll.

And thou didst give an empire to thy land,
  Mountain and vale and river didst bestow;
And for thy youthful country, didst command
  All homage that the world-old kingdoms know.

But on thy gift, priceless as it must shine,
  Rests not a stain; nor faintest echoes fall
Of human wrong: the listening century, no sign
  Nor shadow of dishonor, can recall.

Thou gavest an empire—yea! thou didst give more;
  For high above the Nation, thou didst lift
The Nation's name, untarnished: thou didst pour
  Full honor on thy land, with every gift.

Though sleeping on thy green Virginia hill,
  Prophetic Statesman! let thy spirit stay:
With all thy genius, the future fill,
  Thy star-like memory, light Columbia's way.

Letters From the People.

A Hard Question.

Monmouth, Ill., March 8, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thompson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: In the March number of your JEFFERSONIAN you ask on page 326 "What right has the Congress to delegate a sovereign function granted to it by the constitution, to any individuals or corporations?" The answer is they have no just right but do it as you say in order to further the interests of the bankers and gambling corporations. But as you say, "the people get the glorious privilege of paying the will until they get more sense, and learn how to vote." Now I have been voting for sixty years, and see little sign of voters getting more sense. It is true the Abolition party was then in the minority almost everywhere, and even after the formation of its successor and heir, the Republican party, up to the election of Mr. Lincoln. He and his party were pledged against interfering with the reserved rights of the States, and they kept up that pretense even until near the close of the war. It is folly for the *New York World* to charge the war to the folly of Buchanan, for wise as he was, Solomon could not have prevented the war if he had been in his place. The only way war could have been prevented would have been to stay in the Union and submitted to whatever the President and Congress would impose upon them. So while I thought the North had violated the constitutional agreement to deliver up fugitives from the South, and forfeited its right to compel obedience to the constitution, I could not volunteer to compel the South to stay in a changed Union, and I knew the dominant party would never cease the war until slavery was abolished if they had the power. I looked upon the war as murder on both sides, and endorsed neither side, though I had to bear the penalty. The speculators, bondholders and office-hunters were large gainers, but the loss to the common people, and especially the best people—the industrious, has been terrible. Certainly there was no *Civil* war; it was a war between the States, as Alex. H. Stephens has so well described it, but it has not relieved us of the race question, which is no slight question for solution, either North or South, but of course desperate in the South when we consider the ignorance and prejudice still existing on the subject in the North. The president of the League of Railroad Ownership in Nebraska makes some good suggestions in your March number, and there is food for thought in your article "A Survey of the World," where you point out how our Congressmen progressed from a salary of $6.00 a day; they made it $8.00 in 1817, or $1,500 a year. Then in 1855 $3,000 a year; in 1873 they put it to $7,500, which caused so much indignation they repealed that law. Now, however, they have not only returned to the $7,500, but made it $8,000. It would be well to retire every member who failed to record his vote against such a swindle. I have no doubt better men can be found to fill their places.

In your article on "Money" you ask what right Congress has to delegate to the banks the privilege of issuing and controlling the money of the country, and thus encouraging gambling in all sorts of schemes. The fact is the Government should issue greenbacks to a certain per capita amount and suppress all other paper money. Then we would not have this eternal

fluctuation in prices and the value of money. It is all done in the interests of creditors and money lenders, who scoop up the wealth of the country whenever they see fit to bring on a panic. Your history of the formation of the patriotic citizens that brought out the platform and nominations of 1896 that came so near rescuing our country from the stealings of so many thousands of millions since. I expect to be in a better country soon, but hope that Bryan, Folk, Watson, Tom Johnson, Lafollette and such men will eventually unite and come back to true Jeffersonianism.

J. D. PORTER.

A Friend With Good Ideas.

Stephenville, Tex., Feb. 28, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thompson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: The February **number** of your new magazine is the best periodical I ever saw in print. Your three editorials, "Brisbane," the "Church and France" and "Literary Topics" are worth $5 each. If you had kept up the literary notes enough to fill the whole magazine I think I would have enjoyed the whole piece. I have tried to think along the same line. I wish you could see proper to publish a few small volumes of Southern poets like the *Review of Review's* "Masterpieces" and sell them for cash or on installment as the above named magazine sells the "Masterpieces" in connection with the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE. Also if you had an edition of your works to sell in connection with subscriptions for cash or on installment I think they would go fast. A set of small reform books of the best class you could select might sell in connection with the magazine. For instance, suppose you had a set of six volumes of Southern masterpieces that you could sell for $6.00, including a year's subscription payable 50 cents per month. I believe many of our Southern people would purchase such books and thus increase your subscription and the knowledge of our own writers. The same would apply to your six volumes including Jackson. The same of the six best reform books you could select. I take it that some publishing house would publish the books and ship them out on your order so that you would not have to keep a stock of them on hand. Now I do not know a thing about publishing a magazine, and am only talking. It may be only a dream. If so I only trust that it could come true. I certainly appreciate your work and writings, and only wish that more people knew what they miss by not reading your papers. I would be glad to do anything I could to increase your subscription and influence. I trust that your new papers will grow to be the strongest of any in this country. I believe that if you can do anything to increase the knowledge of our own Southern writers among our own people it will be a greater work than any possible political results that can be had at this time. However, I think the tariff the most iniquitous crown of thorns that has ever pressed on a patient people's brow (as W. J. B. would say). There are many of your followers in 1896 that have always been extremely anxious to know what passed between you and Senator Tillman when he visited you during the campaign of that year in reference to your withdrawing in favor of Sewall. It was thought that he went to your home prepared to offer you a cabinet position in the event of Bryan's election. When you are ready to tell I think it will make "mighty" interesting reading. Well, I have written too long to little purpose I fear. I beg again to offer my congratulations on the appearance and substance of the new magazine and assure you my best wishes and efforts for your great success.

Yours very truly,
W. H. GARRETT.

How to Keep Them On the Farm.

Do you want to keep the boys on the farm? If you do, join the Farmers' Union and help form a pool that will make your crop of cotton a combination product.

Just like the fellows have done who make harrows and wagons and such. You never hear these folks talking such foolishness as an over-production of wagons. They just put them in their warehouses and continue to make all the wagons and harrows they can, and the prices don't fluctuate unless they go a "leedle up." You see they say just what the price shall be, an dif you dan't want to pay their price, you can just let their goods alone, see? And another thing, did hear of any farmers' wives having an country that ever had an over produeduction of shirts? And did you ever hear of any farmer's wives having an over-supply of clothing for their children at any time, in any country, in the history of the world? Tell me, if you can, when and where it was. While, upon the other hand, you can be told and shown where many of our fellow beings have gone to their future reward much sooner than they should have gone because they did not have sufficient clothing to protect their bodies from the freezing winter winds. Now try and open up your little dwarf minds and see if you can reason a little, for it is a fact that we farmers are dwarfs. Now, honor bright, did you ever hear of an over-production of clothing? Then, if you have not, and I know you have not, for it has never been written, then how is it probable that there can be an over-production of the material out of which clothing is made? See? And again, do you know that a bale of cotton will keep just as long as a wagon in a warehouse, and not spoil? This is true, and a bale of cotton will not require any more space than a wagon. Do you hear anyone talking about an over-supply of wool? Not much. While you do hear people talking about not being able to supply their wants of the woolens for the want of the means to pay the price. Give the boy 12 1-2 cents for all the middling cotton he can raise on the farm, and this is only a fair price, and you can't drive the boy away from the farm, for the simple reason that he can make and save more money on the farm than anywhere else. Then the boy would not only stay on the farm, but you would see other folks leaving the towns in swarms, looking for spots of land to grow their own vines and their own trees and cotton upon. Now suppose this result accomplished. What would it mean? Listen. The most prosperous farmers the world has ever known. Then, is it worth while?

C. J. JACKSON.

Belton, Texas.

Mobile, March 18, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thompson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: I am very much pleased with your magazine, which is sold here, and I have all the numbers so far (3). If I could not get them here I would subscribe; but as they are received promptly, I am really a subscriber by monthly payments. In one of your monthlies I saw an "ad." which struck me forcefully. "Facts and Falsehoods About the South, 1861-1865." I immediately ordered one from the publishers, A. R. Taylor & Company, Memphis, Tenn.

I cannot understand why such a publication as that has not been circulated all over the South long since. It certainly is a revelation to me. From the printed evidence given by Mr. Edmonds as to what he says I take it he has told the truth and nothing but the truth; therefore such indisputable facts ought to be known, not only by the Southern people, but all over the world. Why is it that you and other magazine publishers, especially in the South, have not published such important evidence to

show how we of the South were treated by that trio of usurpers in Washington,—Lincoln, Seward and Stanton. These three men are responsible before the world for all the lives lost on both sides, to say nothing of the vandalism practiced upon defenseless families of our Southland by the invading armies down here, commanded by such men as Sherman and Sheridan, with instructions from Washington to kill, burn and destroy. Had they been in conflict with heathens or savages they could not have been more soulless or cruel. Sherman said, "War is hell." *Yes, as a hell* in the hereafter, he, Lincoln, Seward and Stanton, with "Beast Butter" Sheridan and others, will surely get the first honors conferred by his satanic majesty for meritorious conduct in making war hell for their aggrandisement and his glory. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," applies to them in hell. No war on earth was so *unjustly* waged, and no war on earth was as *justly* approved. By falsifying and *scheming* the trio at Washington, Old Abe the honest (God save ington, Old Abe *the honest* (God save the mock) and his satellites (Seward and Stantan) continued (while holding out *false hopes* of peace) to reinforce Fort Sumter on the sly, or force the South into firing the first gun, and thereby to produce a false impression on the justice of their cause in the eyes of the North. For well they knew that South Carolina would not give up Fort Sumter without a struggle, and *the effort* to reinforce it was equivalent to war. A sharp trick by *unscrupulous* men, Abe Lincoln at the head of them. Can history show a greater despotism than was practiced by the trio of rulers at Washington from '61 to '65, on both North and South, as is portrayed in "Facts and Falsehoods?" I think not, and every Southern editor ought to publish these facts to the world. I hope to see a series of articles in your JEFFERSONIAN copied from Mr. Edmond's little book of "Facts and Falsehoods." I have yet to find the first man who had ever seen or heard of the publication. I have written to the publishers to have one bound in leather for my children to read. It is now sent out in magazine style.

Wishing you great success in your publications, and fully endorsing your political stand, I hope and believe that you will be largely influenced in educating the people up to a true Jeffersonian democracy, and thereby give us a Democratic president of the Jeffersonian school in the next election. I am very truly an old Confederate of 75 years, and yours truly,

A. B. JONES,
Co. D., 4th Ala. Reg.

Butler, Pa., Feb. 28, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thompson, Ga.

MY DEAR MR. WATSON: I came across the third or fourth copy of your magazine by mere accident, read it with the most eager interest, and never failed to absorb every successive issue afterwards. For it seemed to me there had at last stepped into the arena a bold and fearless champion of the plain, common people; of those whose toil and suffering, blood and sacrifice, had built up our great country and turned it from a wilderness into a glorious heritage for their children and their children's children after them.

But absorbed in their mighty task, intent only on their sacrifices, the voice of the people had grown dumb and inarticulate, they were silent before their oppressors, and to corporate greed and monopolistic oppression they made no resistance, but were content to suffer in silence. But you, I firmly believe, have been raised up as their spokesman. In the most clear cut and incisive English I have ever read, you have given voice to their feelings; under the magic influence of your pen their sense of the wrongs over which they have long brooded,

has found expression; it is only one step more to decisive action, and when that step is taken, the long train of ills arising from corporate and monopolistic wrong-doing and oppression, will take its flight, never more to return.

You wield a mighty influence over the people, Mr. Watson, and one that I do not believe will ever be exerted to their hurt. Next to Mr. Roosevelt, and not excepting Mr. Bryan, I do not believe there is any living American whose influence over the minds and hearts of his fellow citizens is so strong and far-reaching as yours.

Let me conclude, Mr. Watson, by assuring you that I firmly believe you have the great heart of the common people with you; and I do not believe anything will ever tempt you to forfeit the affectionate regard in which they now hold you as their champion. And with their united support and undiminished confidence, there is no reform, however great and difficult, you may not boldly undertake and carry out to a triumphant conclusion.

I bid you God-speed, and remain,

Sincerely yours,

W. H. Lusk.

P. S. I read the "explanatory" article of the firm of Mann & De-France in the November number of the New York *"Watson,"* and while on their showing you seemed to have dealt with them both unjustly and unreasonably, nevertheless if my legal training has taught me any one thing above another, it is to accept no ex-parte statement as conclusive, and to condemn no man until his story has been heard.

In this spirit I have attentively read your fore-word in the January Jeffersonian, and am convinced.

I am satisfied that these eminent men are wrong and that you are entirely right, in token of which I shall write them to discontinue sending me the New York *Watson* forthwith, and enclose money order for $1.50 payable to you for one year's subscription to the Jeffersonian, commencing with the March number. W. H. L.

Book Reviews.

THE STEPS OF LIFE, by Carl Hilty. The Macmillan Co., New York, Publishers. Price $1.25 net.

The author of this volume of thoughtful essays is the professor of Constitutional Law in the University of Bern, and the book has been translated into English by the Reverend Melvin Brandow. The welcome extended to the translation of "Happiness," a similar volume by the same author, has justified the translation of "The Steps of Life," and the same penetration and gentle sympathy, which have appealed to the many readers of the former volume, are found in this.

The first of this series of essays is on "Sin and Sorrow," and here Professor Hilty gives us the ideal of a life from which sin has been banished and in which sorrow has been subdued. Another is "On the Knowledge of Men," and in this he points out not only the ways of judging men, but the necessity for kindness and a loving spirit in that judgment. In "What is Culture," another of the series, we are shown the way, with all its attractiveness, to the "development of inner power toward what is right and true;" and in "Noble Souls" the very highest type of innate nobility is presented. In "Transcendental Hope" we are made to feel the certainty of a future existence, and to see the relation of this life to *the* future. "The Prolegomena of Christianity" deals with the foundation of a true Christian life. The last of these essays, "The Steps of Life," presents to us the characteristics and the possibilities of each period of life and the purpose of each in the making of a fine character.

Professor Hilty is not a preacher, but a learned man of the world who looks at life and judges it from the standpoint of a full experience and a spiritual mind. The book is interestingly written and, while we may not agree with the writer in every position that he takes, we cannot fail to be uplifted and to feel our thoughts drawn from the trivial, worthless things of the world to those things which pertain to a purer, stronger life.

CONGRESSMAN PUMPHREY, THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND, by John T. McCutcheon. Indianapolis. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Publishers.

This is a most life-like and entertaining account of the manner in which a new Congressman, full of honest intentions, is seduced by "the interests," almost before he knows what has happened.

Congressman Pumphrey went to Washington believing that he would reform the Government, put the cohorts of Special Privilege to rout and immortalize himself generally.

In a very short time after his arrival at the Capitol, he had been lathered with social blandishments, greased with soft snaps in money-making, gammoned with adroit flatteries, and shown just enough of *the power* of *"the interests"* to hurt those who opposed and to help those who supported them as was necessary for the thorough conversion of the commonplace Pumphrey from a Peoples' Tribune into a corporation street-car mule.

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN, by Meredith Nicholson. Indianapolis. Bobbs-Merrill Co., publishers.

This novel is one that comes up to the standard of the fiction of today in that it evolves a plot of sustained interest, relates a story of love and

adventure, makes no demand upon the higher mental faculties and leaves no relics imbedded in the memory. It fixes the attention of the reader, occupies the vacant hour, and passes onward in its journey without leaving the least bit of that feeling which prompts us to say to Becky Sharp, Joe Garjery, Dick Swiveller, Wilkins Micawber and Major Bagstock, *Call again!*

But as latter-day stories go, it is a capital story,—weakest, perhaps, in the long-drawn-out battle in Virginia.

Infinitely better than the novel itself is the poem which forms its preface.

"The Shining Road" is soul-lifting in the purity of its sentiment and the appeal it makes to those longings after the unattainable which have mocked all noble souls.

"So loose the rein and cheer the steed
and let us race away
*To seek the lands that lie beyond
the borders of Today.*
Oh, we shall hear at last, my heart, a
cheering welcome cried,
As, o'er a clattering drawbridge,
*through the Gate of Dreams we
ride!*"

LABOR AND CAPITAL, by Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. New York. The Macmillan Co., Publishers.

The good sense and placid temper which the English philosopher brings to his dissertation upon the volcanic subject of his little book, cannot be too highly commended.

Dr. Smith apparently holds no retainer for either party to the controversy. He looks on both sides, as a philosopher should, and sees the merits and demerits of both.

He rejects the Socialist doctrine that *Labor creates all the wealth*, for the simple reason that he knows it isn't so. Like any other sober, sane and truthful man, Dr. Smith is forced to admit that Labor could never have advanced beyond the stage of barbarism had not the *accumulated product* of labor taken the form of *Capital*, and thus started mankind on its way upward.

Like other sensible men, Dr. Smith takes the ground that wages are subject to the law of Supply and Demand.

All the Unionism on earth cannot give Union laborers good wages *where there are ten men to only one job*. And where there are ten jobs to every one workman, the wages will go sky-ward, whether there is a Union or not.

Nevertheless, the organization of laboring men is a good thing. It gives to individual workers *the strength of the order*. Yet, it is easy for human nature to go wrong in Labor Unions, as in any other kind of organization. *Too much power* will spoil any man, or any set of men.

When the Labor Union seeks merely *a monopoly of labor*, in order to *hold up* the employer and extort unreasonable prices, *it imitates the Capitalistic Trust*, and deserves the same condemnation.

* * * * *

Ages ago, it was a crime for working men to organize for better wages. That was a law of England, where the Privileged Aristocracy desired to keep the working classes down.

All that, of course, is now changed. Every laborer who pleases to do so, can join a Labor Union.

But suppose the law made it a crime *not* to join a Labor Union,—*would such a law be less tyrannical than the old English statute which forbade workingmen to unite?*

Certainly not. Such a law would be unjust, oppressive, tyrannical. Such a law would deprive the citizen of *one of his natural rights*. He would *no longer be free*, if the law *forced* him to join a Labor Union.

But is it not the same thing when the Labor Unions make war upon workmen who refuse to join the Union? Is it not the same thing when they black-list and boycott the em-

ployer who consents to give work to non-union men? Is it not the same thing, when the Unions say, in effect, that the employer of non-union labor, as well as the workmen so employed, must be ruined, and perhaps starved to death, *because they will not knuckle down to the Union?*

The principle is the same. To say that a working man shall *not* join a Union, is an interference with personal liberty. The Labor Union leaders will all admit *that*.

But when you say that a working man SHALL join the Union, *or starve,* —yea, when he is hooted through the street, stoned and cudjelled, harassed with nameless persecutions and finally "*done up,*"—is that no violation of personal liberty?

Dr. Smith goes quietly and convincingly into all these questions and his treatment of them is singularly even-tempered and lucid.

He discusses the problems of Labor and Capital from the standpoint of a friend of Labor, one who has long fought its battles *whenever it was in the right,*—just as *we* have ever done, and expect to do, always.

RUBA'IYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM, by George Roe. Chicago. A. C. McClung & Co., Publishers.

Exquisitely beautiful in its mechanical workmanship, this most recent rendering of the Persian poet's famous Ruba'iyat adds a treasure to any library of elegant literature.

Not so musical and gorgeous as Fitzgerald's masterpiece, Mr. Roe's translation undoubtedly carries more of Omar—Omar's words, Omar's spirit.

As a poem, most lovers of rich melodious verse will probably prefer Fitzgerald.

As an English version of Omar Khayyam, however, Mr. Roe's work is as surely the more faithful reproduction of the original as Chapman's *Homer* surpasses the infinitely more elegant *Homer* of Pope.

What They Say of Us.

Watson's Jeffersonian.

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN is a Southern magazine of more than ordinary importance. It fills in the gap between democracy and third partyism in politics, and stands for the rights of the plain people. Its mission is most propitious at this time of sudden events in politics, finance and industries, and it undertakes the task of probing and setting before the people the status of the questions that most interest and concern the people. The magazine is the farmers' friend; and the friend to all whom it concerns. In addition to this the literary tone is high and it prints some of the best articles and serials of the day. The tone of all the articles gives out hope for the oppressed, cheer for the downcast, a place for the outcast, a sweet indefinable answer for those struggling to attain but who lost out. In other words the magazine is the offspring of a matured mind, of a heart throbbing for hurt humanity and to use Tom Watson's own words, it is the Benjamin of his old age.—*Walton News.*

Southern Greatness.

BY JULIA O'KEEFE NELSON.
(In The Atlanta *Georgian.*)

I was so busy that day I didn't know what to do first. As I was planning my day's program I caught sight of a WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN. I couldn't resist the temptation of picking it up to enjoy its beautiful and ethical cover, the comely, high-bred, intellectual face of Jefferson, and that noble colonial home. I think that magazine cover alone would be an evangel to scatter broadcast through the land—Jefferson, with all the wholesome heroic and thrilling memories which cluster around his name and times, and that white columned home, which to me (and doubtless to many others) typifies the South, because many of the happy, post-bellum days of my childhood were spent in just such a stately ante-bellum colonial home—a cover both colonial and Southern, a combination hard to beat.

I "just picked it up" for a moment, but I didn't put it down until I had read every line in it. I even forgot Harry Thaw's trial, though I'm reading every line of that significant and sorrowful story.

First in the JEFFERSONIAN came Watson's brilliant and discriminating tribute to Arthur Brisbane, the wonderful incognito editor of Mr. Hearst's' newspapers. I should think every editor in the country would indorse the spirit of that article, which is a desire to do justice to a marvelous intellect, which must, it seems, work disguised. I should think editors would especially be interested in the article because they are, in my opinion, among the most powerful, but the least appreciated factors in a great civilization.

We paint portraits and erect monuments to senators, governors, etc., but what utter pigmies many of them are to the truly great editor.

I believe every Southerner would be a better Southerner and American if they would imbibe the spirit of another article in this magazine. "Random Talks on Literary Topics." We would be better Southerners because we would resolve to read and appreciate our own Southern writers. That would make us better Americans. It is good Americanism to appreciate and thus develop the best in each section. I had never before seen the photographs of Henry Tim-

rod, Paul Hayne, George Prentiss and Father Ryan, which adorn this article, nor had I ever read some of their poems which accompany it. I had been thrilled by "Little Giffen, of Tennessee," but I did not know it was written by a Georgia doctor, as I understand Mr. Watson to state. I think Mr. Watson would do an interesting and patriotic work if he would in THE JEFFERSONIAN publish some of these fugitive gems to which he so feelingly refers.

"We neglected our great scholar, Hugh S. Legare; we neglected Richard Henry Wilde and John Estin Cook and William Gilmore Simms. And we now neglect James R. Randall, Harry Edwards and Charles J. Bayne," says Mr. Watson.

John Estin Cook! What magic do the words possess for me! I am again a little girl, supposed to be in my primer, but reading stealthily every book I could find. Among them were John Estin Cook's charming historical novels. I skipped the words I didn't understand, and got from those books the first and most life-like knowledge I have ever had of the Civil War—of Gordon and Stuart and Ashby and Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee. How I adored them every one!

If there was any evil in these novels, "Surry of Eagle's Nest," "Mohun," etc., I was too young to see it.

This article, "Random Talks on Literary Topics," is national and international in its scope. Some facts illustrated would particularly please New Thoughters, but the dominant thought it left on my mind was "Southern greatness—neglected."

With this thought I turned on and read Mr. Charles Bayne's graceful and tender poem, "Vivian," and Will Harben's serial, "Ann Boyd." I began this "just because the author is a Southerner," but from the seven chapters which THE JEFFERSONIAN contains I think it a stronger and more interesting story than "David Harum." Still, with that undercurrent, "Southern greatness—neglected," in my sub-consciousness, I started "Life and Times of Andrew Jackson." What a panorama it unfolds! What pathos and courage and fortitude and thrilling adventure do those soul-thrilling times reveal in men, women and children.

There are various girls' schools in Atlanta, and the Agnes Scott and Cox colleges near it. How many of these girls have read or are now reading Watson's "Story of France," or "Life of Jefferson," or of "Andrew Jackson?" I know that many of them daily read wearisome pages of ancient history.

"I despise it," recently said a school girl to me. "They've all been dead thousands of years, and I can't even pronounce their heathenish old names."

I do believe that the history of the French an dof the American revolution contains lessons which we of this age vitally need to heed. We need to do so for our individual welfare. We can learn these lessons in histories which are as thrilling as any novel. I am quite sure that women need to heed these lessons, and certainly men do.

How many boys in the Technological school or the Georgia Military Academy at College Park, or the Donald Fraser at Decatur, have read the works of Thomas Watson, who is not only a brilliant, but a reasoning historian, and true reformer?

I do not care for any magazine on account of its politics. If I should meet Democracy, Republicanism and Populism walking arm in arm I would not know one from another.

We have produced no Southern philosopher who equals Emerson, no poet who has done the unstained, continued work of Longfellow, no novelist as yet who in brilliance and ethics compares to Hawthorne, and we never will produce them until we become more appreciative of home genius. Every naturalist knows a plant can only reach perfection amid favorable

environment. Emerson, Bryant, Holmes, Longfellow, Hawthorne, etc., were all the inimitable outcome of many finer forces, educational, ethical, and religious, which precede them. These many forces molded the minds of the people at large, culminating not only in individual genius, but in a public prepared to revere such genius.

We should not continue to read and admire a writer merely because he is Southern. But we certainly should read them and use them in preference to other authors when these Southerners equal or surpass other writers. This is the hardest sort of common sense, just as it is to patronize our own stores, newspapers, lecturers, etc., when they can fill our needs.

I have no intention of becoming a professional book or magazine agent, but I should be proud to win Thomas Watson's "Life of Jefferson" as a result of sending five subscriptions. I would consider that true patriotism.

Unless we are willing to admit ourselves more ignorant and material than the Yankees, let us at least give our Southern writers a trial by jury —that is, the right to be heard by us.

The Weekly Jeffersonian

THOS. E. WATSON & SON, Editors and Proprietors.

Published in Atlanta, Ga.

PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR.

IN CLUBS OF THREE OR MORE, 75c.

A Weekly Newspaper Advocating Jeffersonian Principles

WITH

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE TWELVE MONTHS FOR } $2.00

Editor-in-Chief.....THOS. E. WATSON
Associate Editor.....J. D. WATSON

Mr. Watson spares no pains or labor to make his Weekly Paper one of the best.

He devotes his personal attention to it.

He writes most of the editorials.

Being a Weekly it carries a vast deal of original matter which you would never find in his Magazine.

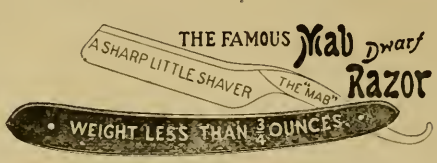
If you sympathise with Mr. Watson and want to keep up with his work you simply cannot afford to be without the Weekly Jeffersonian.

In the Weekly, Mr. Watson can keep in closer touch with events as they occur than is possible in a magazine, consequently the Weekly fills a want which the magazine cannot supply.

To these two periodicals Mr. Watson will devote himself exclusively during the remaining years of his life.

He wants no office, but he *does* have an ambition to make his two publications a power for good throughout the land.

Energetic and enthusiastic representatives wanted to push the enterest of both the Weekly and Magazine in every community.



The razor famous in all Europe Made of the finest English tempered steel (secret process); shaped in accord with new scientific principles; requires less stropping than any other razor. It starts the beginner right, and is a revelation to the experienced. Money back after 10 days' trial if you don't see it that way Circulars free.

Price $1.50 Postpaid.

THE MAB CO. OF AMERICA.

(Removed from Scranton, Pa. to)

935 K. St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Dunn's Pneumatic Automatic Water Supply for small Municipalities and Country Houses. Installed in all parts of the world.

DUNN MACHINERY CO.

WILL J. DUNN, President and Gen. Mgr.

(The same Bill Dunn you have known for 20 years.)

Dewberry's Delight

is a medicine that has been tested and tried by thousands of good people all of whom we wish it were possible for those who are sick to see and hear what they have to say for it.

Dewberry's Delight is not a cure all by any means,

nor do we claim it as such, **BUT WE DO CLAIM** that it will remove the effete waste matter from the system, turn on the nerve force and bring the determining powers to the surface where they belong and prevent cold and fermentation which occasion sickness. Sold by druggists.

Price 50c Per Bottle.

If results are not satisfactory your Druggist will cheerfully refund your money.

ADDRESS

DEWBERRY MEDICINE CO.

23½ Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Ga.

¶ "Books are the food of youth, the delight of old age; the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity; a delight at home, and no hindrance abroad; companions by night, in traveling, in the country."

Cicero.

Thos. E. Watson's "Story of France"

IN TWO BEAUTIFUL VOLUMES for ONLY EIGHT SUBSCRIPTIONS to

WATSON'S Jeffersonian Magazine

Either Mr. Watson's Life of Napoleon or Jefferson for only five subscriptions to

WATSON'S Jeffersonian Magazine

BETHANY

A true and thrilling story of the Old South and Civil War, by Mr. Watson, for only four subscriptions.

VIRGINIA HISTORIC HOMES

on the rivers and Bay. Select country homes in the noted Piedmont region and Valley of Virginia. Choice hunting preserves Free list.

H. W. HILLEARY & Co., Charlottesve , Va.

CITY CONVENIENCES For COUNTRY HOMES

Gasoline Engine Electric Lighting and Water Supply Systems.

DUNN MACHINERY COMPANY,
54 MARIEETA STREET, ATLANTA, GA.

I WILL MAKE YOU PROSPEROUS

If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable book and full particulars free. Write today. Address nearest office.

EDWIN R. MARDEN, Pres't
Nat'l Co-Operative Realty Co.
1118 Maryland Bldg., Washington, D C. or Atnenaeum Bldg., Chicago.

MR. WHOLESALE GROCER—

I am 36 years old, married and steady. I want a situation where brains will count. I am a Tea and Coffee man and know the values and blends. I want a place as buyer, and will get out and hustle and get business myself; am at present employed by N. Y. house where I have been for four years. Only those that will appreciate good homest hard work need apply. I am looking for a ladder to climb.

Address W. W. R.,
No 327 Poplar St., Erie, Pa.

Give Watson a Square Deal,

Then give your boy a penny to get a card, and write us for description and photos of SQUARE-DEAL CORN, improved by us for forty years; raised by us in 30 states; so you can get acclimated seed near you. Largest, whitest, most productive and best quality known. Sample with Editor. We offer $1,000 for a better Corn. Address,

SQUARE-DEAL SEED CORN FARMS,
Cook, DeSoto Parish, La.

AGENTS WANTED

We want agents to sell our made-to-order suits and pants. Suits from $10.00 up. Pants, $3.00 up. We will give liberal commission to the right men. If you are interested, write at once for sample outfit, particulars and territory. Warrington Woolen & Worsted Mills, Dept. 41, Chicago, Ills.

"DUNN'S
Pneumatic System of Water Supply for Country Houses.
We install in all parts of the world."

DUNN MACHINERY CO.,
54 Marietta St. - Atlanta, Ga

WHEN IN
BALTIMORE
STOP AT THE

130 Rooms
Elegantly
Furnished
Unexcelled
Cuisine
Rooms
with Bath
and en Suite.
Centrally Located.

HOTEL JOYCE EUROPEAN

Opposite Camden Station
Main Depot B. & O. R. R.

Rates $1.00 per Day and Upwards

SEND FOR BOOKLET

Hotel Joyce
Baltimore, Md.

The Great German Salve
CARBOIL
Guaranteed to relieve the pain of a
BOIL OR CARBUNCLE
and effect a cure in 48 hours.
Sold by all druggists or a box mailed to any address on receipt of 25c.
Carboil Salve Co. Fayetteville, Tenn.

MORPHINE

COCAINE AND LIQUOR
Addictions cured in ten days without pain. Unconditional guarantee given to cure or no charge. Write for booklet.
CEDARCROFT SANITARIUM,
Dept., 33, Lebanon, Tenn.

Classified Advertising

DO YOU WISH TO SELL

DO YOU WISH TO BUY

REAL ESTATE?

FOR SALE—FINE HOME IN PINES NEAR OCEAN beach; summer the year round. Rents for $100 per month. Send for photos and price. R. H. Stevens, Carmel, California.

* * * * * *

MONROVIA—BEAUTIFUL FOOTHILL suburb of Los Angeels. Electric car service. Refined moral community. Send 2 cent stamp for descriptive matter. C. E. Slosson, Monrovia, Cal.

* * * * * *

A BEAUTY—RANCH 120 acres behind Stanford University. Fine improvements and stock, all for $900! Great boom coming! Greater San Francisco Corporation, Mayfield, Cal. Information!

* * * * * *

FLORIDA ORANGE AND GRAPE-FRUIT groves and pineries, are paying big returns. We have some bargains. Write for our descriptive booklet. Tidd, "The Real Estate Man." Jacksonville, Fla.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—For information and literature of value to the homeseeker, invalid or investor, address Board of Trade. Most popular Florida resort.

• • • • • • •

SUMATRA TOBACCO LAND in the blue grass section of Florida. Will produce $1,000.00 worth every year on each acre. Write quick as boom has started. T. A. Ausley, Tallahassee, Fla.

* * * * * *

PROPERTY ON ORMOND PENINSULA on Halifax R. Best location in state for all year or long winter season. Good house, paying groves, price $5,000. Address E. A. Lapp, Bulow, Fla.

* * * * * *

WANTED—TWELVE EXPERIENCED LECTURERS, subject, industrial activities. Also musicians for male quartettes. Give full particulars and references with first letter. Edward Amherst Ott, 250 East 61st Street, Chicago.

FOR THE HOME.

WATERPROOF APRONS LAST A LIFETIME.—Artistic in design, white or colors. Sold by the makers only. 50 cents each, delivered. The Walters, Austen Co., 5th floor, 11th & Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * * * * *

FOR CHRISTMAS —Send $1 up for self or friend. We send handsome clock bank with deposit credited in passbook. 4 per cent. interest. Safety Banking and Trust Co., 2921 Kensington Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Organized 1900.

* * * * * *

ANY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY will appreciate the Imperial Trousers or Skirt Hanger, holds four garments. 50 cents at the furnishers, or 70 cents by mail. Write for booklet, Pynchon & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—Young men to learn Pharmacy. Greater demand for our graduates than we can supply. Spring session, April to October. Fall session, October to April. Write at once for catalogue and particulars to Department D, Southern College of Pharmacy, 93 Luckie St., Atlanta, Ga.

* * * * * *

PRIZE CLOTHES WRINGER, WORLD'S PRIZE winner over all competitors; distinctly different from all others; strictly high-grade: automatic clamps fasten on any kind of tub: easiest to operate; guaranteed white rubber rolls: ours is one of the three wringer factories in the U. S., est. 1890. Selling direct saves you at least 50 per cent; satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Write us. Reference, Dun's Agency. Deshler Nationl Bank here. U. S. Wringer Mfg. Company., (E), Columbus, Ohio.

INVESTMENTS.

Every bottle of Dewberry's Delight is sold with the distinct understanding that your money is to be refunded where results are not perfectly satisfactory. We invite your attention to our quarter-page advertisement which appears in this Magazine.
DEWBERRY MEDICINE CO.
23½ Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Ga.

* * * * * *

I want to purchase an interest in established, paying Real Estate business in the South or Southwest If you want an honest, sober, industrious young man for a partner. address
E. W. BARROWS,
144 Chestnut Avenue, Waterbury, Conn.

"INVESTING FOR PROFIT" is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest any money, however small, who has money invested unprofitably, and hasn't learned the art of investing for profit. It demonstrates the real earning power of money, the knowledge bankers hide from the masses; reveals the enormous profits bankers make and shows how to make the same profits; explains HOW stupendous fortunes are made and WHY they are made; how $1,000 grows to $22,000. To introduce my magazine, write me NOW, and I'll send it SIX MONTHS FREE. Editor Gregory, 425-77 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED—MALE AND FEMALE.

PORTRAIT AGENTS—16x20 crayons 25 cents. Water color 30 cents. Samples and catalog free. Berlin Artists Association, 152-O Lake St., Chicago.

* * * * * *

$25 PER WEEK AND TRAVELING EXPENSES paid salesmen to sell goods to grocery stores, drug and general stores. No canvassing. A rapid selling line. Experience unnecessary. Purity D. E. Co., Chicago.

* * * * * *

AGENTS—HERE'S THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. Stoll's shoes for flat irons, something entirely new. sell in every home. For full particulars address Dexter Supply Co., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED—Men or women, whole or part time to sell advertising calendars, fans and other advertising novelties, for an old reliable house. Box 160, Meridian, Conn.

* * * * * *

WE WANT HELP—Anyone desiring pleasant and profitable business should write us at once. Our positive guarantee inspires confidence and makes sales easy. W. T. Allen Medicine Co., Greenfield, Ind.

* * * * * *

MORE MONEY, LESS TALKING, steadier work, bigger field, handling our new inventions, than any other line. Needed in every home. Agents, you can't beat this. Selwell Co., 109 W. Jackson B., Chicago, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAGNETIC SPECTACLES FREE.—Send stamp for free pair coupon. No postals. T. W. Frederick Optical Co., Toledo, Ohio.

* * * * * *

WANTED.—Every reader of Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine to wear Red Seal Shoes, ask your dealer for them, every pair guaranteed.
J. K. Orr Shoe Co., Atlanta, Ga.

* * * * * *

GRAPHOLOGY—Your character and personality will be read from your handwriting upon receipt of 25c and specimen. No other fees will be solicited.
Louise Rice, 260 Fourth Avenue, New York.

* * * * * *

PATENTS, Trade-Marks, Labels, Prints and Copyrights Send for my free book "How To Get Them" Advice free. Best service. Joshua R. H. Potts, Lawyer, 80 Dearborn St., Chicago; 306 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

1,000 POST CARDS MADE TO ORDER.—From any photo or print with your imprint on each as publisher for $6.00; 500, $4.00. Workmanship guaranteed. Goods delivered within 10 days. Rich Photo Process Co., Dept. 24, 28 East 23rd St., New York.
Photo Process Co., Dept. 24, 28 East 23rd St., New York.

* * * * * *

WE INVITE CORRESPONDENCE.—Will be glad to furnish beautiful catalog giving in detail everything in the Jewelry line. House established over a century. Galt & Bro.,
Washington, D. C.

* * * * * *

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED in Pianos, after reading our full page advertisement which appears in this Magazine, write us for our 1907 catalog, which is beautifully illustrated.
H. H. Hale, Atlanta, Ga.

FOR 12 MONTHS.

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine and The Atlanta Georgian } **$4.50**

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine and The Atlanta Constitution, daily } **$5.00**

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine and The Review of Reviews } **$3.00**

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine and either one of the following publications One Year for only } **$2.00**

Bob Taylor's Magazine, Nashville, Tenn.
The Union News, Barnesville, Ga.
The Cotton Journal, Atlanta, Ga.
The Watchman, Cleburn, Texas.
The Tri-Weekly Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.
Southern Cultivator, Atlanta, Ga.

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine and either one of the following publications One Year for } **$1.75**

Woman's Work, Athens, Ga.
Southern Ruralist, Atlanta, Ga.
National Co-Operator, Dallas, Texas.
The Missouri World, Chillicothe, Mo.

The Weekly Jeffersonian included with any Combination for 75c Additional.

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine and The Semi-Weekly Atlanta Journal One Year for } $1.40

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine
AND
THE COMMONER.

TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE and **WM. J. BRYAN'S PAPER**

Both One Year for Only $1.85.

Mr. Bryan is the most conspicuous figure in American politics to-day. He is more—he is a *World Figure.* His views on men and things are awaited with interest in foreign countries as well as at home. THE COMMONER is his medium of communication with the world; but it is more than a personal organ, for it covers the whole realm of political thought. Hence, no one, whether a follower or an opponent of Bryan's doctrines, can fail to be interested in the columns of this famous paper.

ADDRESS

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE,

ATLANTA, GA.

Did You Never Wish

To have a concise and understandable review of what is going on in the world, telling the **meanings** of events, with never-failing **honesty,** fearing nothing—and all expressed in excellent English?

Such a journal—and there is no other like it—is

THE PUBLIC : Louis F. Post, Editor.

Published in Chicago every Saturday.

Subscription only $1.00 yearly; 50 cents half yearly; 25 cents quarterly. Sample copies free.

The publishers handle all the books relating to real democracy.

THE PUBLIC,

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, - CHICAGO.

FRUITS, NUTS, BERRIES, FLOWERS IN THE SOUTHLAND

Do you grow them? If so, you want the only publication devoted entirely to their culture in the South. The Gulf States have their own problems in horticulture, and to aid toward a solution of these problems this journal is established. It will pay you to get it.

A handsome 24-page, large illustrated monthly. $1.00 per year.

Address

TEXAS FRUITS,

San Antonio, Texas.

Our Remarkable Premium Offers

Soliciting subscriptions for **The Weekly Jeffersonian** or **Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine** is easy and profitable work. We are making some very attractive offers just at this time. Read them carefully and earn one or more of these valuable premiums.

GOLD WATCHES (Gentleman or Ladies Size)

For a club of 12 yearly subscribers to **The Weekly Jeffersonian** or **Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine** at the regular price of $1.00 each for the weekly paper and $1.50 each for the monthly magazine, we will give absolutely free choice of either Gentleman or Ladies size 10 year guaranteed gold watch fitted with either Standard or Trenton movement,

Or for 20 yearly subscribers to **The Weekly Jeffersonian** or **Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine** at the regular rate quoted above we will give absolutely free your choice of either Gentleman or Ladies size 20 year guaranteed gold watch fitted with 7 jewel Trenton movement.

It is not necessary that you should send all subscriptions at one time in order to get these premiums. Send them in as fast as you get them, but be sure to state in your letter that they are to apply on the watches, so that you may receive proper credit. As soon as the required number has been sent in the watch will be forwarded to you by mail.

SELF FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN

Solid Gold 14 carat pen, Self Filling, hard rubber holder, that retails anywhere for $3.00 given for a club of 3 subscribers to **The Weekly Jeffersonian** or **Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine.**

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE

Atlanta, Georgia.

L. C. SMITH

Visible

Typewriter.

Writing in Sight is in Line of Progress

See Our 1907 Models.

H. M. ASHE CO.

Ground Floor Y. M. C. A. Building, Atlanta, Ga.

BELL PHONES 1541 & 1896,
STANDARD PHONE 296.

We have $8,000 worth of our competitors' standard machines which we sell at less than half priec.

Typewriters

AT

Half Price

We have a large assortment of all standard machines, which have been slightly used, that we will sell on guarantee, viz:—

Fay-Sho or Rem-Sho	$25 to $40	Densmores (All Models)	$15 to $40
Williams (All Models)	$20 to $40	Smith Premiers	$20 to $60
Remingtons (All Models)	$15 to $60	Yost (All Models)	$15 to $50

Write for special prices on any other machine made. We have them in stock

Atlanta Typewriter Exchange

Seventy-One North Pryor Street

REFERENCES: H. M. Ashe Co., Central Bank & Trust Corporation, R. G. Dun & Co.

THE FARMERS MUTUAL LIFE Protective Association.

H. L. McCRARY, Sup. Pres. and Med. Director

ASA C. BROWN, Sup. Sec. and Treas.

J. J. BROWN Sup. Vice-Pres.

W. C. PRESSLEY, Sup. Organizer.

HOME OFFICE:

415-416-417 Fourth National Bank Building, ATLANTA, GA.

Organized and carried on by its own members for their benefit and protection and that of their families and dependents.

Operating under a charter granted by the Secretary of State, and licensed by the Insurance Commission of Georgia. Has Supreme and Local Councils.

Its plan provides for all the essentials:

Mortuary, Reserve and Expense.

Mortuary—Fourth National Bank.

Reserve Fund—Central Bank and Trust Company.

Every Policy Guarantees Limited Number of Death Assessments

The most progressive Insurance Fraternity now in the field. Young, vigorous, up-to-date. Admits men and women on equal terms. Our territory is limited only to healthful localities.

Now, if you are hunting **Safe and Reliable Protection** with a **First-Class Association** offering a **Magnificent, Honest, Fair, Square Contract,** write us to-day.

We Will Offer Special Inducements to Energetic Organizers Furnishing References.